

SCREENLAND

★
ICC

September

15c

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pen

Maureen
O'Hara

Esther
Williams
Talks about
Van Johnson

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SERIAL RECORD
AUG 28 1945

AUG 25 1945



Straight from Paris

these exciting young hair-dos!

On this page Drene brings you, through its Paris correspondent, news of how smart young Parisians are wearing their hair!

LOVELY MADELON MASON . . . one of New York's top-flight fashion models, a Cover Girl and a "Drene Girl" . . . posed for all three photographs.

For this perky up-swept arrangement her hair was parted down middle from forehead to nape of neck, pulled up toward each side and tied firmly with narrow ribbon. The lustrous smoothness of Madelon's hair is due to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, which Madelon always uses. No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous yet so easy to manage.

No other Shampoo...

**only Drene with Hair Conditioning action
leaves your hair so lustrous, yet
so easy to manage!**

Make a Date with Glamour! Now . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Get the combination of beauty benefits found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action. ✓ *Extra lustre . . . up to 33% more sheen than with any kind of soap or soap shampoo!* Because all soaps leave a film on hair which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Drene leaves no dulling film, brings out all the lovely gleam. ✓ *Such manageable hair . . . easy to comb into smooth, shining neatness, right after shampooing.* ✓ *Complete removal of unsightly dandruff, the very first time you use this wonderful improved shampoo.* So insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action, or ask your beauty shop to use it!

Drene Shampoo

WITH HAIR CONDITIONING ACTION

Product of Procter & Gamble



(Left)—HUGE RIBBON BOWS, one at each side, are the fashion feature of this lovely centerpart hair-do! Back hair set as for a page boy, combed to each side, from center, and held firmly with rubber bands. Ends arranged in big, smooth curls. Bows attached with bobby pins. Madelon's hair illustrates the wonderful combination of sheen and smoothness found only in Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioning action.

(Below)—NEW PARISIAN PAGE-BOY! Notice the covered ear . . . and how the hair slants sharply down from above the ear to a long, long back! Notice, too, the smooth sleek look, the shining beauty, due to Drene with Hair Conditioning action.





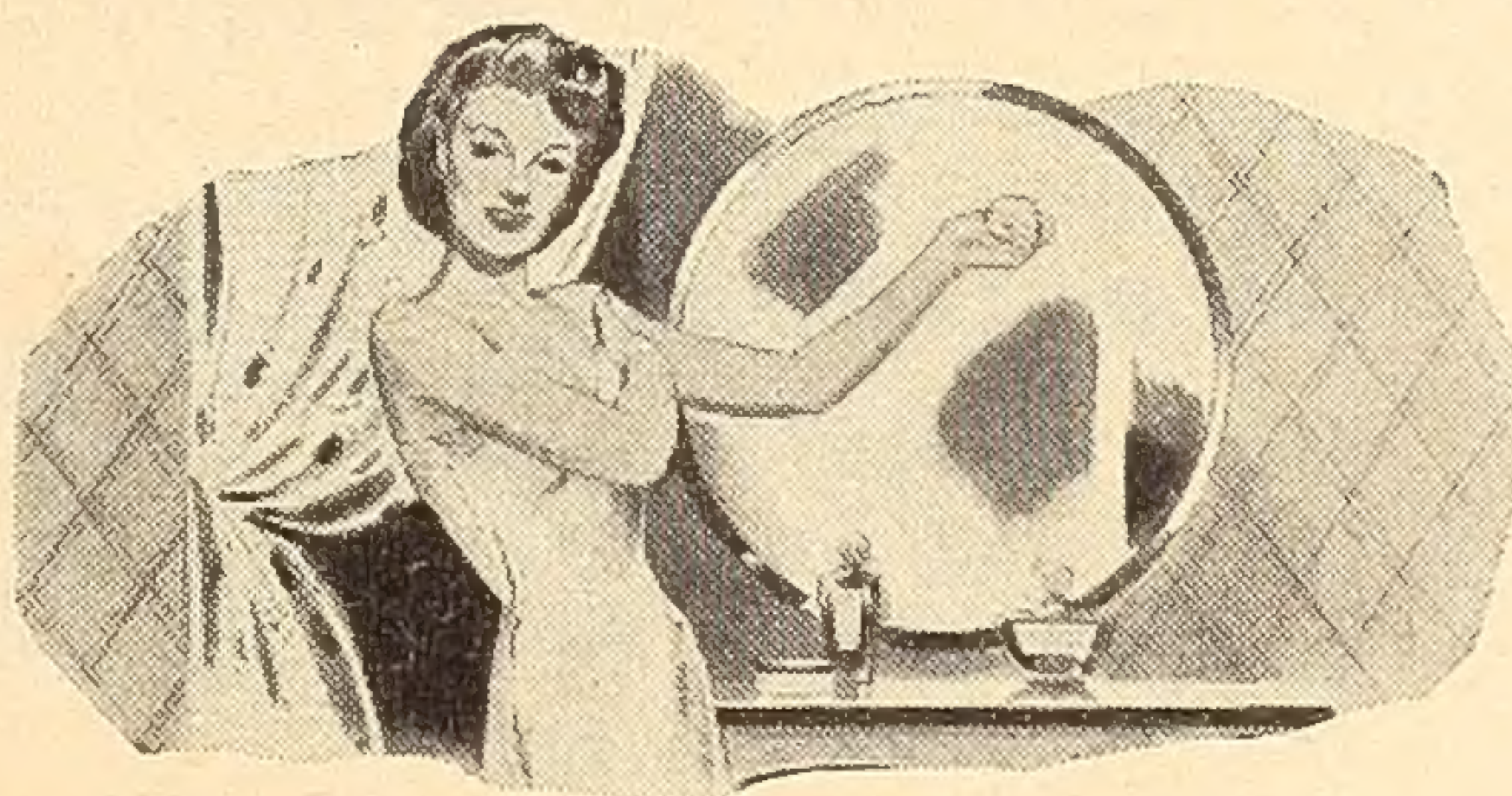
But will you stay
as sweet as you are?

A bath washes away past perspiration.
But Mum's the word for future freshness!

MINUTES after your bath is over—hours before your day is done—that fresh-tubbed charm can begin to fade.

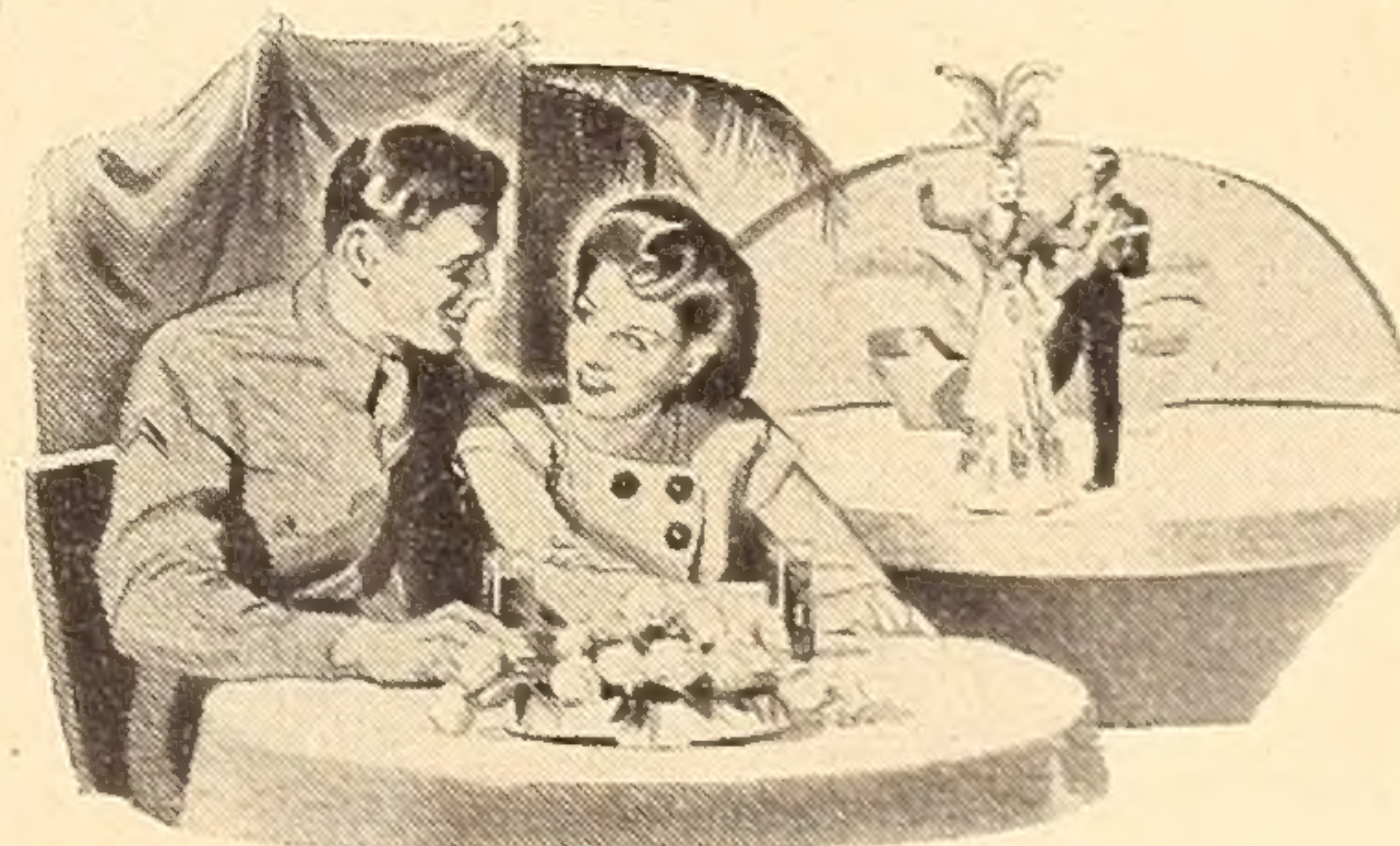
Unless, of course—you already know the simple One-Two of day-long daintiness. *One* for your bath—to wash away *past* perspiration. And *Two* for Mum—to guard against risk of *future* underarm odor.

That's the answer so many smart girls give to this problem of underarm care. A bath *plus* Mum is their sure protection against a fault so hard to forgive.



Take 30 seconds for Mum. Smooth on each underarm and stay flower-fresh all day or evening. Now you can shake fear of offending and concentrate on fun. Mum won't irritate your skin, won't harm fabrics.

Setting for Romance. A table for two can start plans for a lifetime. And when a girl's program takes a turn for love, she's wise to guard it well. With Mum, for instance, which helps so much to keep her nice to be near. So use Mum, *to be sure.*



MUM



takes the odor out of perspiration

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

We've just composed a two-word definition of good motion picture entertainment. It's "Anchors Aweigh", the title of M-G-M's big Technicolor musical salute with a full complement of 21 show-stopping numbers.



Here's the picture with everything: Stars, a good story, gifted direction, music, dancing, and that certain something to make you completely content.



First for the stars. "Anchors Aweigh" has Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Gene Kelly, and Jose Iturbi.

From FRANK SINATRA you get four numbers, duets with other principals, and—shiver our timbers!—some fancy footwork as a bonus! From honey-throated KATHRYN GRAYSON you get the title song, a Spanish number, six popular arias, and that smash song, "All of a Sudden My Heart Sings"!

From GENE KELLY you get plenty of the dazzle-dancing you expect—only it's more dazzling—plus duets with Frankie and Kathryn, and a dance number with—we swear it!—an animated mouse!

From the three you get romantic escapades with complications of hilarity. From JOSE ITURBI you get music—by a 100-piece band, a symphony orchestra, a Hollywood Bowlful of 18 grand pianos!

From these four—and from Dean Stockwell, Pamela Britton, "Rags" Ragland, Billy Gilbert, Henry O'Neill—you get the merry musical story of two sailors on leave in Hollywood with nothing on their minds but what you'd expect.

Isobel Lennart's screen play provides many a gay situation which George Sidney's direction and Joe Pasternak's production turn into sheer delight.

Technicolor enhances the beauty, gaiety, and charm of it all.

It doesn't take a prophet to forecast the success of "Anchors Aweigh". It's a nautical nifty from M-G-M's top musical drawer.



—Lea

SCREENLAND

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Cover Portrait of MAUREEN O'HARA,
starring in RKO's "The Spanish Main"

SEPTEMBER, 1945

VOLUME FORTY NINE
NUMBER ELEVEN

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M-G-M MAKES THE SCREEN'S BIGGEST TECHNICOLOR MUSICALS!



**ON WAVES OF LOVE,
LAUGHTER, SONG!**

A gay and glorious
musical love story that
teams the singing artist-
ry of Sinatra with honey-
voiced Kathryn Grayson
and the dancing magic
that's Kelly . . . in 21
show-stopping numbers

FRANK SINATRA ★ KATHRYN GRAYSON ★ GENE KELLY

ANCHORS AWEIGH

with JOSE ITURBI

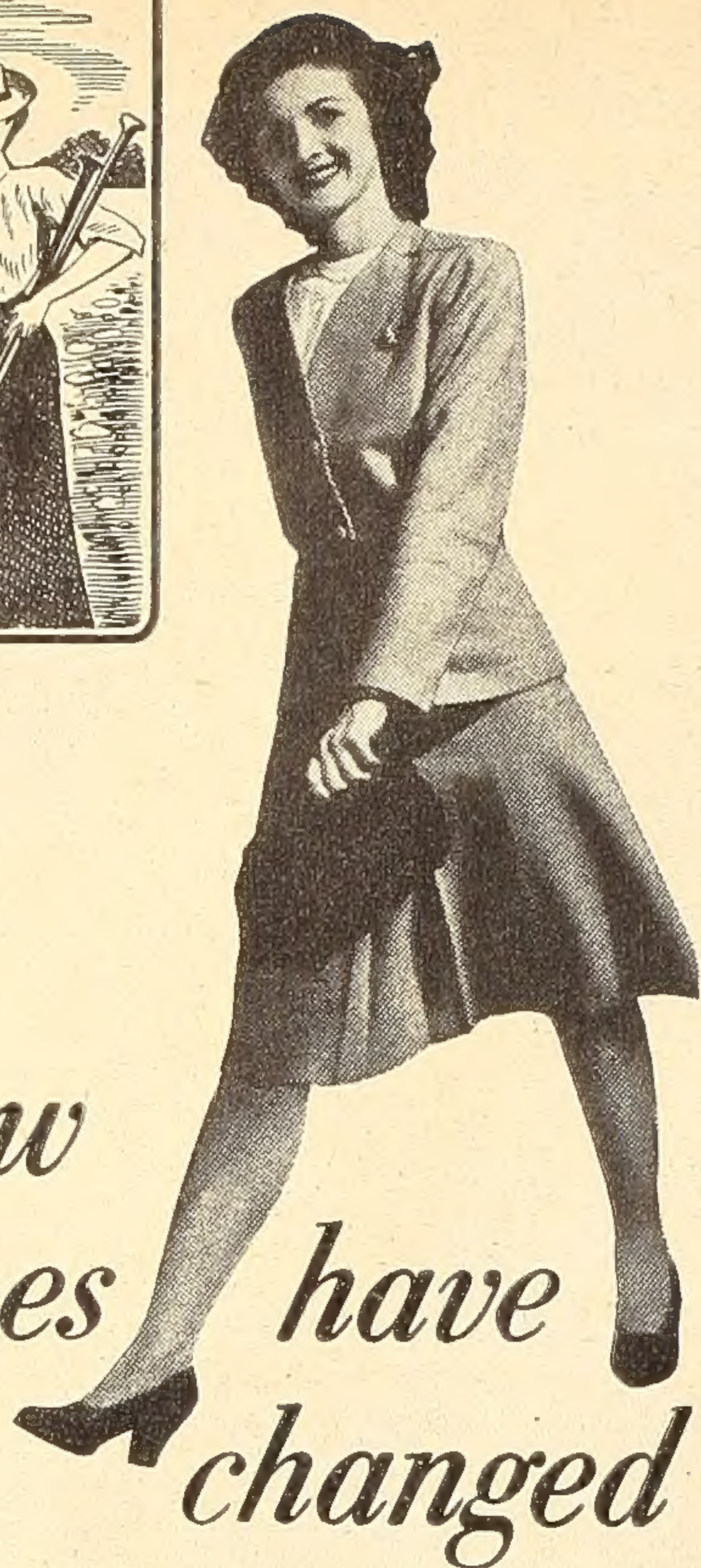


IN TECHNICOLOR

DEAN STOCKWELL • PAMELA BRITTON • "RAGS" RAGLAND • BILLY GILBERT • HENRY O'NEILL

Screen Play by Isobel Lennart • Directed by GEORGE SIDNEY • Produced by JOE PASTERNAK • A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER Picture

SONGS! "WHAT MAKES THE SUNSET?" "I BEGGED HER" "I FALL IN LOVE TOO EASILY" "THE WORRY SONG" "MY HEART SINGS" "ANCHORS AWEIGH"



How times have changed

You need not go back very far to find how times have changed. Only a few years—and *what* clothes, *what* hair-dos, *what* ideas of grooming! And few changes have been more intelligently "different" than the Tampax method for monthly sanitary protection! Based on the principle of internal absorption, this method successfully eliminates all pins, belts and external pads, as well as the bulges and ridges caused thereby.

Tampax is made of compressed surgical absorbent cotton enclosed in individual applicators so neat and ingenious your hands needn't touch the Tampax at all! Being worn internally, Tampax can cause no odor to form. And there are no disposal difficulties. Tampax is handy to carry and speedy to change, and is so comfortable the user cannot feel it when in place!

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3 absorbencies

REGULAR
SUPER
JUNIOR



Accepted for Advertising
by the Journal of the American Medical Association

Twin sons of Susan Hayward and Jess Barker are initiated to the camera, and they take to it with all the insouciance of their famous mother and father.



Hot
FROM
HOLLYWOOD

The newlyweds, Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart, take a sail around Balboa Bay with "Baby" at the tiller.



THE "MEN" in Margaret O'Brien's life had better run for cover. The million dollar moppet is writing a diary. She's going to tell everything she knows about her leading men and give the reasons why she's loved each one of them! Should be interesting for her to read about ten years from now.

INGRID BERGMAN has a new repertoire of Western songs that are out of this world. Danny Kaye taught them to her. With Kaye lending moral support, Ingrid tried them out at Paulette Goddard and Burgess Meredith's first wedding anniversary party, and received a round of applause for her efforts.

JOHN GARFIELD was actually at the induction center when word came through that men over 30 were no longer eligible for the draft. It was such an anti-climax John was literally stunned. He had dismissed his servants and secretary. Plans were afoot for his wife to move into a smaller house. Bette

Davis had even given him a farewell luncheon at the studio and presented him with a gold identification bracelet. Of course, out MGM way they were overjoyed. They were trying desperately to find someone to replace John opposite Lana Turner in "The Postman Always Rings Twice." Last and far from being least, John had sold his car. He bought it back, however, just twelve hours later and it cost him an additional five hundred dollars!

HEIGHT of something or other department: First wedding present received from a fan by Lauren Bacall Bogart was (of all things!) a cook book. If she could only cook.



TO KNOW HER OWN HUSBAND!

IT TAKES A SMART GIRL...

Jack H. Skirball
presents
CLAUDETTE COLBERT...
with Richard Foran...

...DON AMECHE
in SAM WOOD'S

"GUEST WIFE"

It all began with a little kibble,*
and then she had a husband in
the barroom, a husband in the
bedroom and house detectives
in her hair in the merriest mixup
since love began!

*Kibbling is romantic hocus-pocus by an
experienced peculator.

with Charles Dingle • Grant Mitchell • Wilma Francis • Chester Clute • Irving Bacon • Hal K. Dawson • Edward Fielding • Original Screen-
play by BRUCE MANNING and JOHN KLOER • Produced by JACK H. SKIRBALL • Directed by SAM WOOD • Released thru United Artists

ANN DVORAK

Republic Pictures Star



**Overnight...
LOVELIER HAIR
FOR YOU!**

Try this famous 3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Many of Hollywood's most beautiful stars use this *overnight* 3-Way Medicinal Treatment. You, too, can make your hair look lovelier, more glamorous, with an overnight application. Glover's will accentuate the natural color-tones of your hair with clear, sparkling highlights—freshened radiance—the soft, subtle beauty of hair well-groomed. Today—try *all three* of these famous Glover's preparations—Glover's original Mange Medicine—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress. Use separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask for the regular sizes at any Drug Store or Drug Counter—or mail the Coupon!

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with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and EXCESSIVE FALLING HAIR

FREE TRIAL!

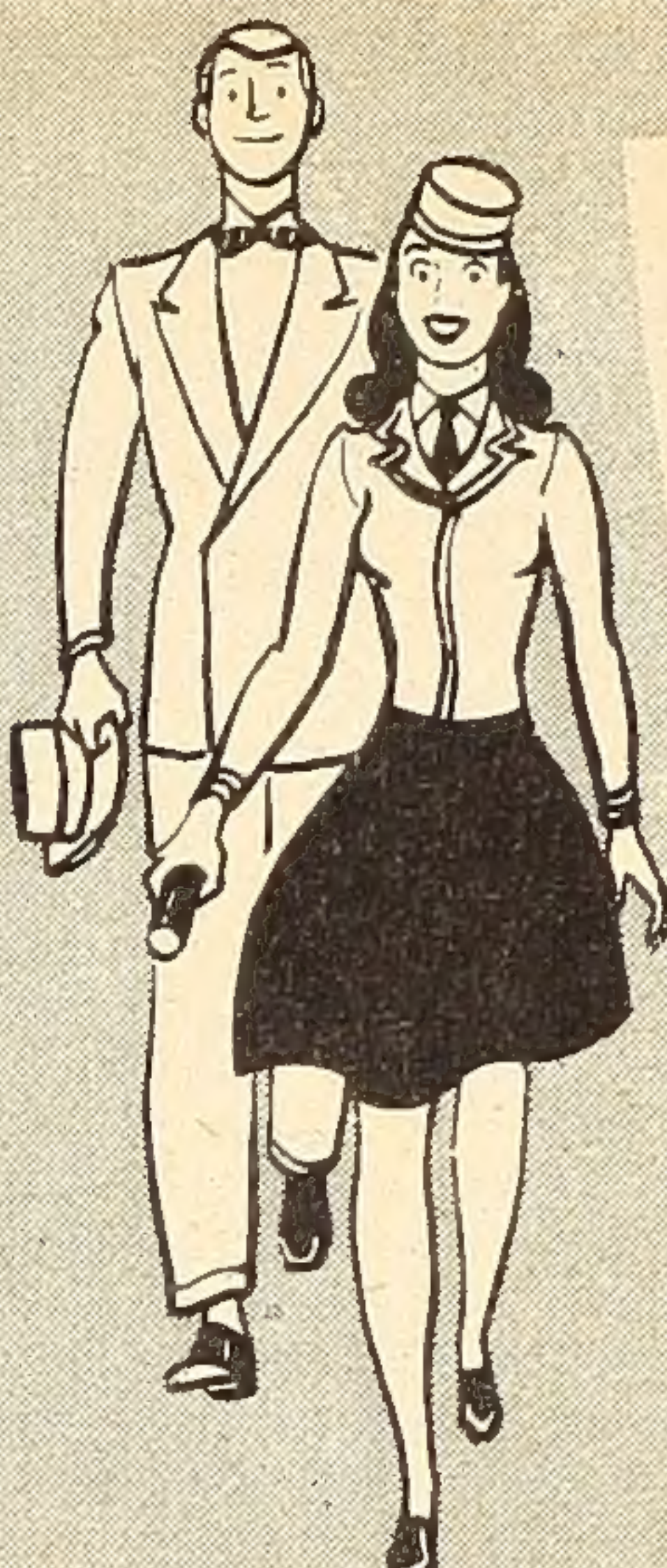
Send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, with complete instructions for Glover's 3-Way Treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."



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Send Free Trial Application package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in three hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 10c to cover cost of packaging and postage.

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Address
City Zone State



Your guide to

CURRENT FILMS

Selected By

Delight Evans



A BELL FOR ADANO—20th Century-Fox

The refreshing simplicity of the Sicilians in quaint Adano is brought to the screen with all the accuracy even the author, John Hersey, could want. And therein lies the charm and interest of this film co-starring John Hodiak as *Major Joppolo*, the Military Civil Affairs officer for Adano, and Gene Tierney as *Tina* who bleached her hair just to be different. The stars stand out admirably but are not averse to throwing some good scenes into the laps of various townspeople, a lackadaisical lot that causes no end of trouble for the American major who loses his job because he believes people are more important than military orders. See it!



WONDER MAN—Goldwyn-RKO

In the musical comedy field, Hollywood has never done better, Broadway has never done better, and neither has Danny Kaye. But he tops the list in his latest mirthful musical about super identical twins, one a stodgy genius, the other an exuberant night club entertainer who gets in the way of some gangsters and is promptly put out of the way. His ghost comes back to occupy the body of his twin (one of the funniest scenes of the picture), endowing the pedantic brother with a ludicrous effervescence and playing havoc with their love interests (Virginia Mayo and Vera Ellen). Kaye's "Otchi-Tchorniya," and opera number are tops.



STORY OF G.I. JOE—Lester Cowan-United Artists

A sigh of sorrow swept the country with the news of Ernie Pyle's death in action, because he understood better than anyone else the men who loved him—the G.I. Joes. You'll remember that sorrow, too, when you see Lester Cowan's production based on Ernie Pyle's columns. Burgess Meredith is excellent as the correspondent who watches "his" unseasoned boys turn into hard fighting men. Though he is given a great deal of footage, it's admirable that this film still remains the G.I.'s story. Among the cast, which also includes actual combat veterans, Robert Mitchum's role as the boys' Captain is remarkable. A tribute you must not miss.



WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?—20th Century-Fox

One could almost believe that instead of Fred MacMurray rubbing an Aladdin's lamp, releasing the well-known genie, someone must have "rubbed" Fred and turned him into a musical comedy star overnight. It's surprising when you stop to remember his most recent work in highly dramatic films. Anyway, as a 4-F who uses all his wishes to get himself into the armed forces, he dances and sings through the Revolutionary era, Columbus' discovery of America—because the magic clock is out of time. June Haver covers herself with glory in musical numbers, but Joan Leslie, as the quiet, sweet young thing, wins the hero.



PILLOW TO POST—Warners

Into this farce about Army marital etiquette and San Francisco's housing situation, Ida Lupino has flung herself with all the eagerness with which she endows her dramatic rôles. But she has fun doing it, and you'll enjoy watching her tumble from one dilemma into another—even though you will be able to call the shots. As a traveling saleslady for her father's oil well supplies, she's a perfect set-up for rough and ready gentlemen of the wolf variety (notably Johnny Mitchell). So who could blame her for using a nice young lieutenant—especially William Prince!—as husband in name only—to wangle a pillow for her tired head? Therein lies the chief dilemma.

WITH SHINING PRIDE
WARNER BROS.
WILL SOON PRESENT

**JOHN
GARFIELD**

as Sgt. Al Schmidt, U.S.M.C.

in

Pride of the Marines

with
**ELEANOR
PARKER**
**DANE
CLARK**



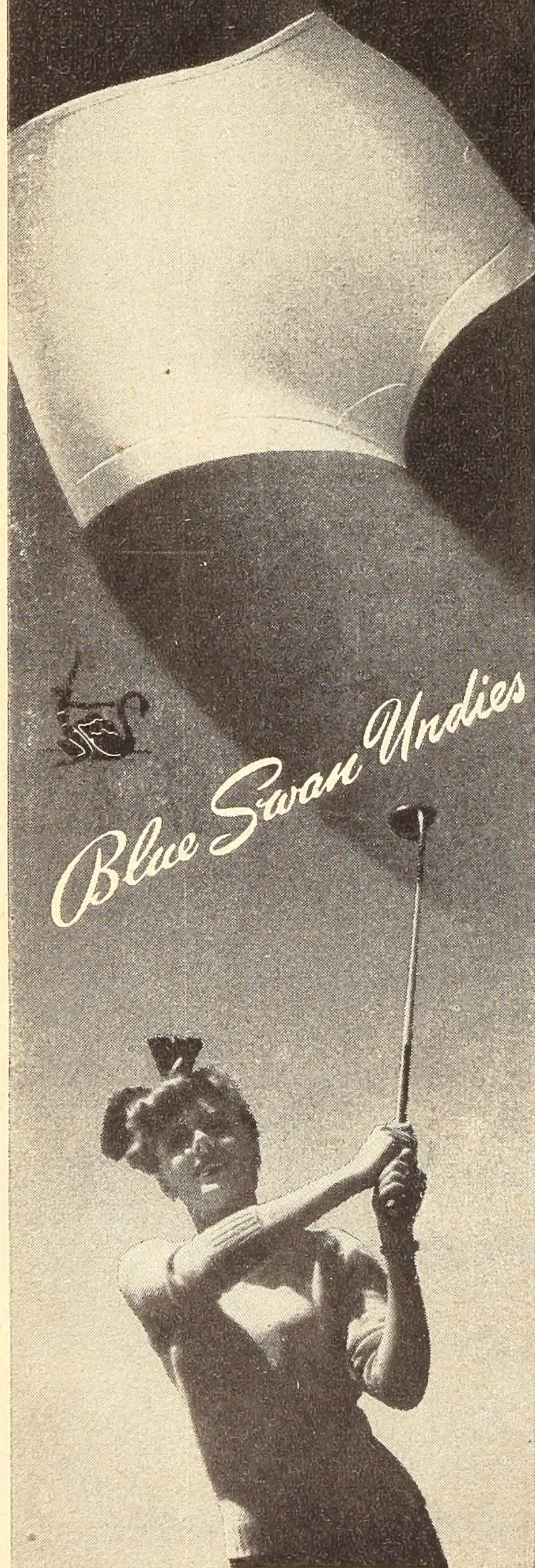
Directed by
DELMER DAVES
Produced by
JERRY WALD
Screen Play by
Albert Maltz
Adaptation by
Marvin Borowsky
From a Book by
Roger Butterfield
Music by
Franz Waxman

*A love story
born out of the bedrock of the human spirit
The magnificent story of one man and one
woman and the love they so thrillingly shared--
incredible because every breathless moment is true!*

when good form counts

A perfect figure-score every time! That's because BLUE SWAN UNDIES flatter your form with their perfect fit, their shaped-to-your-shadow styles. Hard to find... but worth treasure-hunting for!

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MILLS: SAYRE, PA.



Your Guide to Current Films



CAPTAIN EDDIE—20th Century-Fox Release

The life of one of our greatest heroes, Eddie Rickenbacker, always hobnobbing with danger, is here told with the accent on the man himself. So, instead of just another action thriller, Eureka Pictures has made this film a superb human document. The story stems from the thoughts of Capt. Eddie when he was lost at sea—as a boy (an excellent performance by Darryl Hickman) who used a baby buggy and umbrella contraption in his first attempt at flying; as a young man who falls in love with a young lady over an ice cream soda and wins her in spite of his devotion to that new invention—the automobile. To Fred MacMurray and Lynn Bari, acting laurels are in order for these rôles, and to Lloyd Bacon, a deep bow for his delicate direction of poignant, dramatic scenes which will live in your memory.



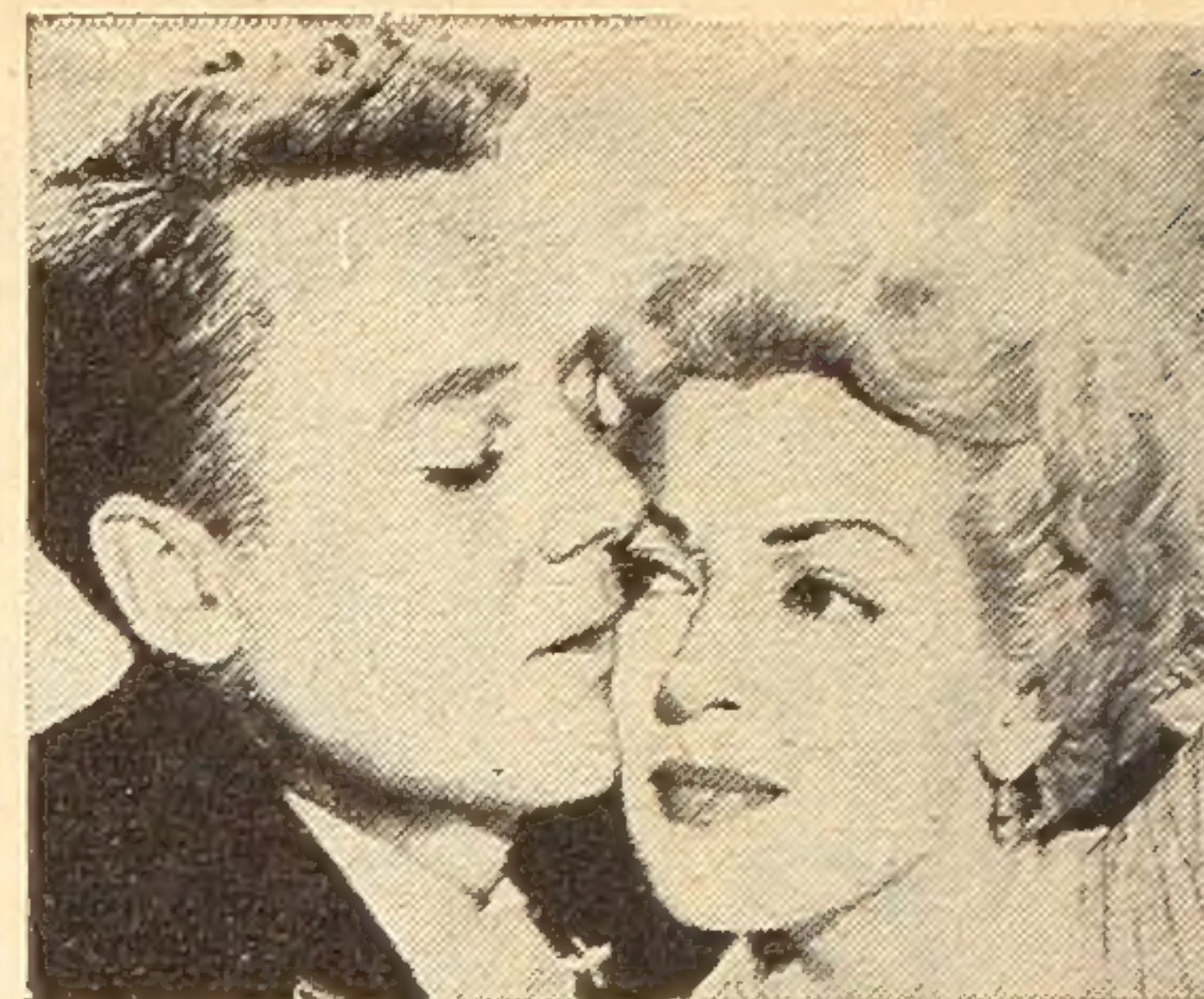
THAT'S THE SPIRIT—Universal

Put this one on your list. We can't think of a more pleasant evening's entertainment than being haunted by that versatile trouper, Jack Oakie, playing the ghost of a song and dance magician and flute tooter of the 1890's. He comes back to earth to give a helping hand to his daughter, Peggy Ryan, when her mid-Victorian family object to her stage career. It's funny, fast, and fantastic, but coherent and always in good taste with Peggy doing her usual best in the music and choreography department, teamed with a fast-stepping youngster you'll like—Johnny Coy. Watch him! June Vincent, Buster Keaton, Irene Ryan are stand-outs.



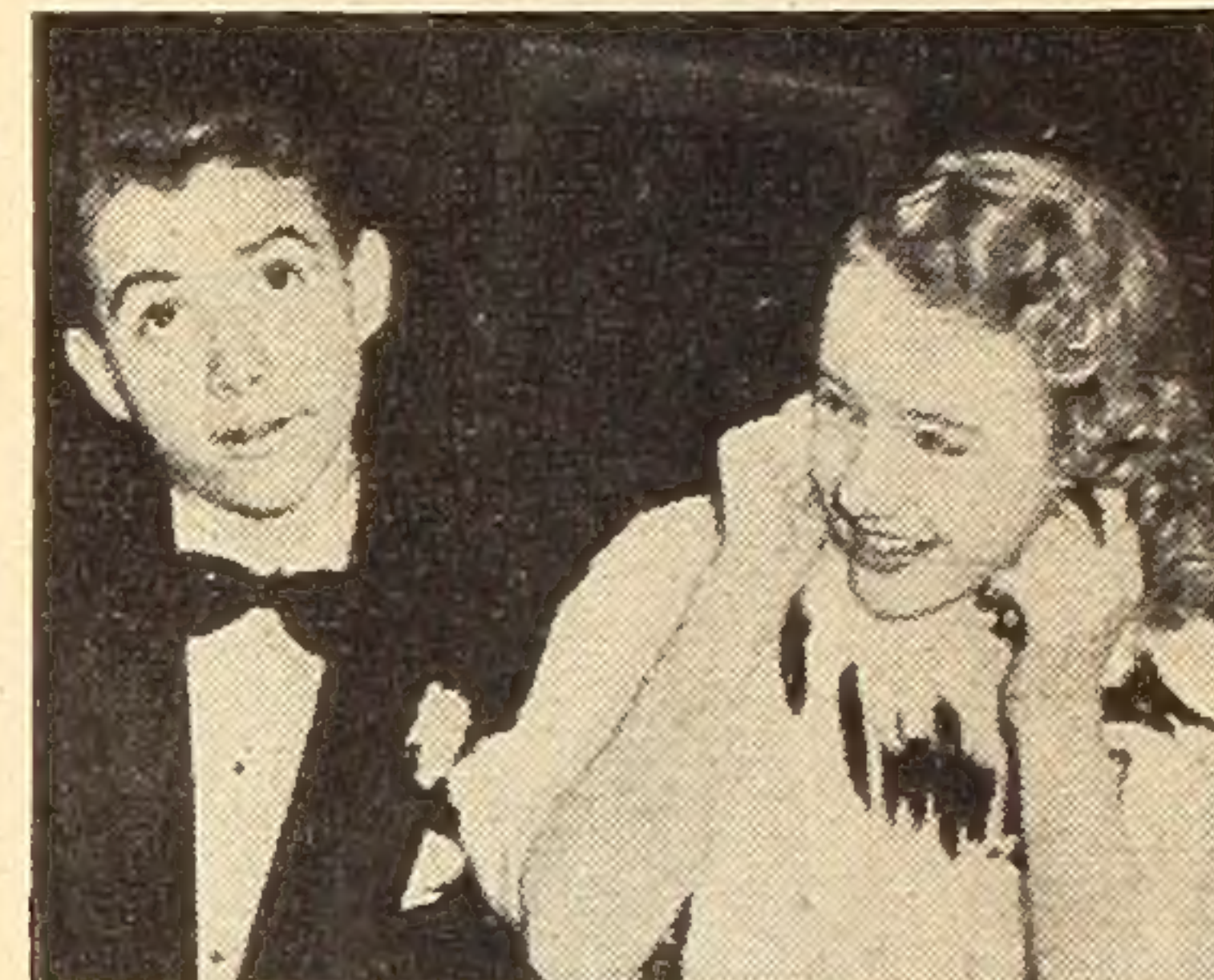
BACK TO BATAAN—RKO

Fiction takes up where facts leave off in this film about Filipino guerrillas and American Rangers from the fall of Bataan to the raid on Cabantuan Prison Camp, with suspense, excitement and plenty of action—as Hollywood sees such warfare. John Wayne gives his typical hard-fisted performance as the amazingly resourceful Colonel with whom the guerrillas, under their wavering leader, Anthony Quinn, cooperate in clearing out the Japs. Fely Franquelli, as a collaborator secretly aiding our forces, and Beulah Bondi, an American school teacher, capably handle the feminine roles.



WEEK-END AT THE WALDORF—MGM

A marvelous job of writing by Sam and Bella Spewack and directing by Robert Z. Leonard has been done on this picture to give each of its talented stars the importance they deserve. Yes, there is a romance between Ginger Rogers, as a glamorous movie star, and Walter Pidgeon, a war correspondent, that is worth a picture in itself. There is another between an Army Captain living on borrowed time (your favorite, Van Johnson) and the hotel public stenographer (a grand rôle for Lana Turner!). There's high financing by Edward Arnold, a promoter trying to put over a shady deal with some potentates; comedy by Keenan Wynn and Robert Benchley; music by Xavier Cugat and his orchestra with Lina Romay—all with the glittering and sophisticated background of the famous Waldorf.



JUNIOR MISS—20th Century-Fox

Typical teen-age dramatics of Sally Benson's *Judy* furnishes a grand rôle for that very capable Peggy Ann Garner. As the central figure in this film, Peggy has a wonderful time with her juvenile philosophizing, calling to memory all the movies she's seen to solve her problems. When her father loses a junior partnership in a law firm, when she imagines he's in love with his boss's secretary, when her long-lost uncle returns from a mysterious trip—all of these dilemmas as solved by *Judy* add up to one prolonged chuckle. Allyn Joslyn, Sylvia Field, Michael Dunne, Fay Marlowe and Mona Freeman are wonderful support.



THE WAY AHEAD—20th Century Release

One of this film's biggest assets is the re-appearance of David Niven who deserted our shores for the British Army when his country needed him. Another asset is the natural, down-to-earth handling of the theme—the changing of a motley crowd of English civilians into the typical British Tommy. There's not much difference in their routine and ours, but nonetheless you will not find a dull moment in the story, carrying the boys from the draft stage through their rigorous training and finally adding dramatic scenes of warfare. A Two Cities Film. (More reviews on page 97)

Sweet Sixteen AND NEVER BEEN KISSED (?)



FILMED FROM BROADWAY'S
GREAT STAGE HIT!

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

Kiss

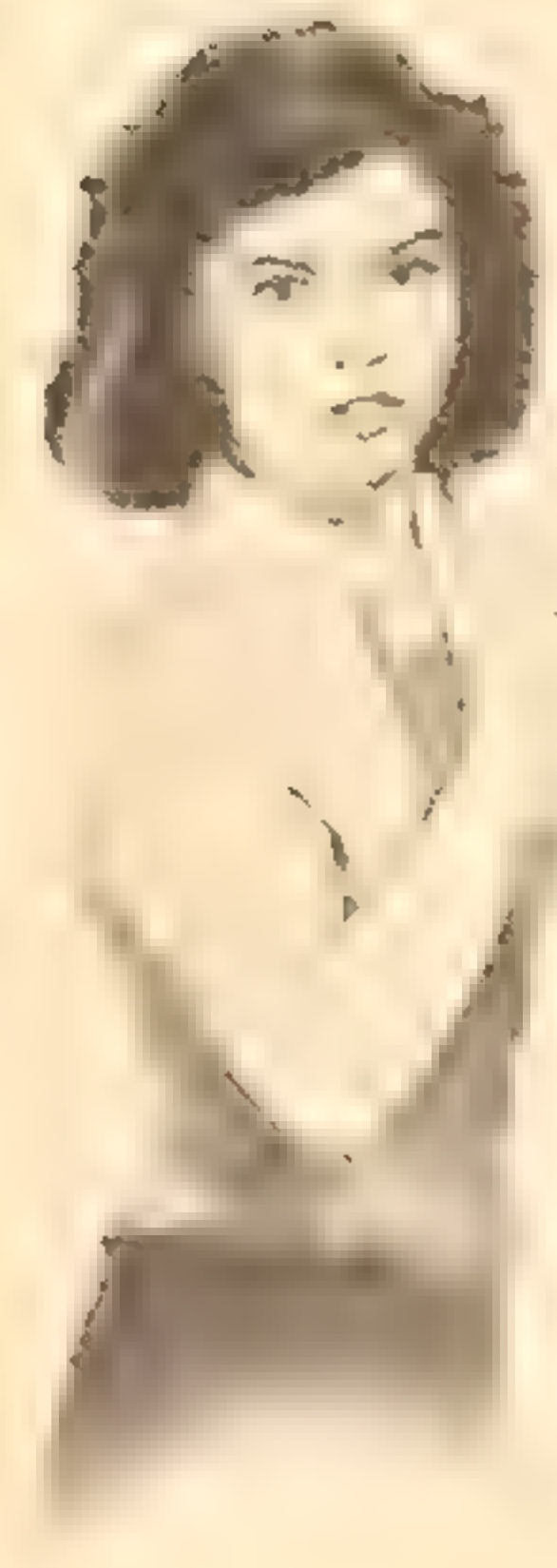
and Tell

A GEORGE ABBOTT PRODUCTION
Play and Screenplay by F. HUGH HERBERT

starring **SHIRLEY TEMPLE**
as Corliss Archer

with JEROME COURTLAND · WALTER ABEL · ROBERT BENCHLEY
PORTER HALL · TOM TULLY

Produced by SOL C. SIEGEL • Directed by RICHARD WALLACE



"I WAS FAT in All the Wrong Places"



"I was SO unhappy, fat and self-conscious!" says Jean Grogan of New York! Wonder-working Eden "Photo-Revise" was just one of her glamourizing Powers' aids!



"I'd like to shout from the house-tops how my Powers Training gave me poise—showed me what marvels a new hair-style can do—helped me get a grand, new job!"



"Powers Girl" Creator Offers YOU, too, new charm, loveliness A "MODEL" FIGURE



Quick Results—yes, in 7 short days you can see a new, more lovely YOU begin to emerge from your mirror! **So inexpensive**—why deny yourself the happiness, admiration and beauty this famous Powers Training can win for you?

"Personalized" for you—the beauty secrets of the famous and envied "Powers Girls"! And you can practise them in the privacy of your home!

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Clip the Coupon NOW!

Write John Robert Powers today for free confidential questionnaire, illustrated booklet "The Powers Way", and details of Powers training.



Send for

Free

Booklet

John Robert Powers Home Course
247 Park Ave., Suite J445, New York 17, N.Y.
Dear Mr. Powers: Yes, I'm really interested.
Please send me details of your Home Course.

Name _____
(PLEASE PRINT)

Street _____

City _____ State _____
& Zone _____

Occupation _____ Age _____



Comments, Please!

Write down those random thoughts that you have concerning the movies and send them to Fans' Forum. We want to hear from you and so do producers, screen writers, and stars. Monthly awards for the best letters published: \$10.00, \$5.00, and five \$1.00 prizes all payable in War Savings Stamps. Closing date is the 25th of each month.

Please address your letters to Fans' Forum, SCREENLAND, 37 West 57th St., New York 19, New York.

FIRST PRIZE WINNER \$10.00

SCREENLAND is the most read and most appreciated screen magazine on our ship. We have enjoyed the articles printed therein immensely because they give us the "straight dope" about Hollywood and its inhabitants.

While glancing through June's issue we noticed a letter in your column by Dickie Cline, Lancaster, Pa., on the few successful marriages of Hollywood. It is admitted that those stars mentioned lead a happy and successful married life, but Dickie forgot the King and Queen of all Hollywood Happy Marriages—Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby. They have set an example for any young married couple to follow. Bing stands head and shoulders above all other actors in Hollywood and yet this complete success hasn't affected his home in any shape or form. He is a true representation of the average American man, and what could present a more perfect representation than a lovely wife, good family and happy home? Bing's life fulfills the quotation expressed by another great American, Frank Cavanaugh, who said, "The code for the American way of life is—Love of God, Love of Country and Love of Family."

It is not our intention to cast aspersions on the married life of the other happily

married couples of Hollywood, but we couldn't sit back and see Bing and Dixie left off the list, because in our eyes and in the eyes of millions of other Americans they predominate over all others.

R. C. & J., U.S.N.R.,
c/o FPO, New York, N. Y.

SECOND PRIZE WINNER \$5.00

Not that we haven't needed, these war-time days, pictures like the commendable "Winged Victory" and "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," but at last one producer sensed the needs of us postwar wives, mothers and sweethearts, and gave us the gallant, modernized, charming version of "The Enchanted Cottage."

There was a truly lovely story, beautifully unfolded. And too, so very much more! It reminded us, young and old, there was not only the love of country, now so bravely upheld by all Americans, but it reminded us there was enchantment in love and gave us something to believe in for postwar. Subtly, it planted the germ of right thinking for the reception of our war heroes, so many of whom may return not completely perfect physically.

I saw the film last night. This morning, via SCREENLAND, may I express thanks for myself and you and the lady next door for the happiness its sentiment can bring us? We who are fortunate to have our loved ones returned sound shall be happier out of sheer thankfulness for having seen that picture. Those others among us who may share some of the experience of that human couple in "The Enchanted Cottage" may be inspired to let it be a challenge as a very possible pattern for happiness during postwar periods.

RUTH BRACKER STONE,
New York 25, N. Y.

FIVE PRIZE WINNERS \$1.00 Each

On behalf of thousands of servicemen here and overseas I would like to say a



**He
loved
to loot
and
looted
for love!**

Benedict Bogeaus
presents
A ROWLAND V. LEE
production

A full tide of adventure,
romance and lustful
seeking after gold
and women...the private
life of the pirate
rogue, Captain Kidd!

“Captain Kidd”

Starring

CHARLES LAUGHTON • RANDOLPH SCOTT

BARBARA BRITTON

with JOHN CARRADINE • JOHN QUALEN
HENRY DANIELL • GILBERT ROLAND • SHELDON LEONARD • ABNER BIBERMAN

and **REGINALD OWEN**

Produced by BENEDICT BOGEAUS
Directed by ROWLAND V. LEE

Original Story by Robert N. LEE • Screenplay by Norman Reilly Raine • Released thru United Artists



SCALP ODOR not you?



Perhaps your pillow
knows different

Are you *sure* you don't have scalp odor? It's so easy to offend—and *not* know it. Check your pillow, your hat, your hairbrush.

For, you see, your scalp perspires just as your skin does—and unpleasant odors are quickly collected by the hair, especially oily hair.

To be safe, simply use Packers Pine Tar Shampoo regularly. This gentle, thorough-cleansing shampoo contains pure, medicinal pine tar. The delicate pine scent does its work—then disappears.

To have a clean, fresh scalp . . . soft, fragrant hair, get Packers Pine Tar Shampoo. You'll find it at any drug, department or ten-cent store.



few words for Pvt. Red Skelton of the U.S. Army, a great guy and a great entertainer, with whom I have been working for over a year.

He has given almost two thousand shows. He has worked in this country at various Ports of Embarkation. He went overseas on a transport, gave shows at various places in Italy and returned on a hospital ship. He did as many as ten shows a day even after his throat became infected.

To us G.I.'s he is a real guy, a great guy who did more than his job, and I think everyone should know he did it as a soldier for \$50 a month.

SGT. T. L. CANADA,
Camp Patrick Henry, Va.

I would like to raise my voice in protest against what is being done to Greer Garson.

It's a darn shame that this beautiful and talented lady isn't given a chance to show her scope as an actress. Instead she's in an artistic rut, always portraying a paragon of womanhood. This was very fine at first, but are we to be subjected to a lifetime of Greer as a Great Lady, no matter what the story, locale, or time?

Surely whoever is responsible for this must realize that even with all her assets Miss Garson may grow monotonous to the public when she has to play the same character picture after picture.

If only she'd show one little fault to mar her perfection—but no, she's always righteous. Perhaps I'm just jealous because I know I could never be perfect. But I honestly think she'd be much more human if allowed to deviate from the straight and narrow path once in a while.

Miss Garson is a woman of talent and flexibility. I wish they'd give her a chance to show it.

LUISA BICK, Albany 4, New York.

Thanks to SCREENLAND, I now know the story behind the (to me) mysterious disappearance of Robert Cummings. Alyce Canfield's "Unconditional Surrender" is one of the most interesting and inspiring articles to appear in any motion picture magazine.

"Princess O'Rourke" was a delightful picture. It re-discovered Robert Cummings for me and I looked forward to seeing him again in the near future. That was several years ago, and that was the last I saw or heard of him until the above mentioned article explained the mystery.

Man's inhumanity to man and the misuse of power has been well-demonstrated in this world war. Little wars against misuse of power and inhumanity are constantly taking place. It is always a grand and glorious feeling when right and justice win, whether in a large or small war. We need more people like Robert Cummings who will fight for justice regardless of the odds against him.

I hope Robert Cummings will continue to refuse to appear in pictures unworthy of his talents and standards as a man.

Good luck, Robert Cummings, you've earned it.

ARDIS HAWLEY SNOW,
Alexandria, Va.

Imagine my surprise and joy when I looked through SCREENLAND and saw a picture of Gene Tierney in a costume from her latest picture, "Dragonwyck."

You see, about a month ago in a conversation with my sister I said, "Gosh! 'Dragonwyck' would make a perfect movie, don't you think?" Whereupon she replied, "Would it ever! Especially in Technicolor."

Well, I don't know whether they are making it in Technicolor, but I was very

happy to read that Gene Tierney has the rôle of *Miranda*, for Gene is one of my favorite stars.

She did a swell job in "Laura" and I think that with her in "Dragonwyck" it is bound to be a hit.

JOYCE ANDERSON, Superior, Wis.

HONORABLE MENTION

Why hasn't some Hollywood studio thought of teaming Lauren Bacall and Alan Ladd? Those two can portray "polished" violence with unexcelled finesse. If Lauren's repartee can compete with Bogart's cynicism, think of her stifling Ladd's obduracy!

Hollywood, team those two and the movie theaters won't be able to seat the crowds!

V. L. FOSTER, Macomb, Ill.

What is the matter with Hollywood keeping a fine actor like Cornel Wilde from the public?

He is good looking, and has a "Million Dollar Smile." While they are giving out titles like "The Body," "The Look," etc., they ought to give Wilde the title of "The Smile."

I sincerely believe that if he keeps giving performances as he did in "A Song To Remember," he'll be walking away with an "Oscar." Of course they should give him good parts, too.

From different conversations, I know there are many who feel as I do and would love to know more about him.

DOROTHY BROWN,
Allison Park, Pa.

How pleased I am to see Ida Lupino and Joan Fontaine playing comedy rôles in their newest pictures! Both have many times proven themselves capable dramatic actresses. They are wise in realizing the importance of versatility to a star's popularity, for many a star's box-office appeal has been dimmed by too much "type-casting."

For several years that great actress, Bette Davis, has played only dramatic rôles. Her pictures are always excellent, but they all fall into the heavy category. We fans always know what to expect—and sometimes that gets a bit dull. Miss Davis and all the other stars owe their fans an occasional taste of variety. After all, it's the "spice of life!"

DON BAKER, St. Louis, Mo.

Have recently attended the film, "A Medal For Benny," and I want to tell you it was one of the finest human interest stories I have ever witnessed.

John Steinbeck is to be congratulated for a perfect story. And above all, I think that Hollywood should stand up and take notice of one J. Carrol Naish, for his portrayal of *Benny's* father was one of the finest acting jobs of the year. Other male stars out in Hollywood will have to go some to beat it. I'm no critic, but you don't have to be to know a good actor when you see one.

When the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences start passing out "Oscars" next year, it is my opinion that Mr. Naish should be nominated as an Academy Award winner for the most outstanding supporting actor of the year.

Whenever I go to a theater and see a motion picture billed with the name J. Carrol Naish I know I'm in for some excellent entertainment. So in the future, let's see a lot more of J. Carrol Naish, a fine actor.

S/Sgt. RICHARD AARON,
Peterson Field, Colo.

"What had I said to him? . . . what had I done?"

This was the night I had dreamed about for weeks . . . the gay places we would go . . . the sweetness of seeing him for three whole days on his first furlough since our love-at-first-sight meeting. And now, what a rude awakening! Home before midnight, after an evening which began romantically enough and then grew strained and different! What had I said to him? . . . what could I have done to change his attitude from one of warmth and admiration to cool indifference?

Never Take a Chance

When a woman attracts one day and repels the next, something must be wrong. The answer in this case, as in so many, many others, was halitosis (bad breath). This social offense puts one in the worst possible light, nips many a romance in the bud.

Since you, yourself, may not realize when your breath is "that way" . . . why not take a sensible precaution against it? . . . Why not use Listerine night and morning and between times, before social engagements when you want to be at your best? Listerine Antiseptic helps to make your breath sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say a number of medical authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Antiseptic halts such fermentation then overcomes the odors fermentation causes.

If you would be pleasing to others never, never omit Listerine Antiseptic as a part of your daily toilette.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC
for Oral Hygiene

P. S. Your money buys less today, so spend it wisely. You must try the new Listerine Tooth Paste.

With smooth make-up, and a smooth up-swept hair-do ending in a cascade of curls, Janice Carter, Columbia starlet seen in "The Fighting Guardsman," is a picture of freshness and loveliness.

It's Fun To Be Pretty

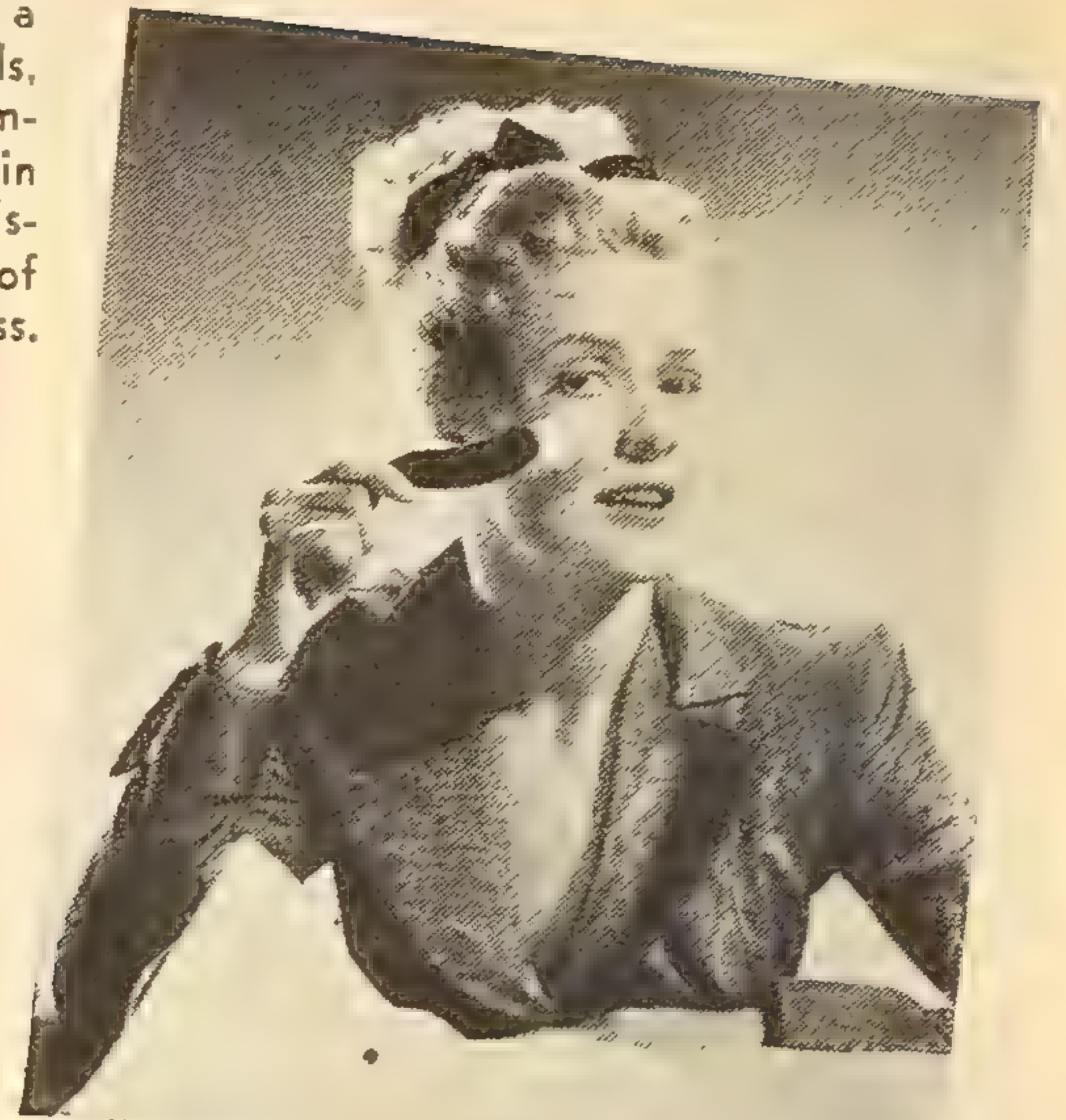
Janice Carter tells of grooming tricks which add to attractiveness

By Josephine Felts

Suggestion: Janice says steaming your face occasionally is a good way to help clear up any clogged pores.



Admonition: Leave no high-water mark between face and neck when applying make-up for that finished look.



Reminder: A soft powder brush is a good way to remove the surplus powder from your face.



Perfection: Use a lip brush especially designed for the job to get that smooth, defined lip line.

HOW often we are tempted to sigh with envy when we see our favorite movie star on the screen—her lovely smooth complexion, large flashing eyes, and silken hair are something to envy. Well, if all you do is sigh for beauty, you may be sighing forever. But if you work on it, you can be as pretty as any movie star. The kind of feminine loveliness that is pleasing to the eye, both to yours and to the onlookers', can be achieved with a minimum of time and planning and expense.

Every movie star knows that the beginnings of beauty lie in a fine, smooth-looking complexion. Attractive Janice Carter knows any number of make-up aids that will enhance her natural loveliness or disguise any minor defects, and she is passing them on to you.

Janice believes that the basis for a smooth, finished make-up job is a good foundation. And, the variety of foundation creams, lotions, and cakes that await your choice will delight you. There is a make-up for every skin type and skin tone. There are bases which are tinted to bring out the warmth of your skin, and there are neutral shades of products for patting on to give a finish to rough and scaly skin. Whatever type you choose, be sure to apply it correctly, following the manufacturer's directions explicitly for best results.

But before you put on your foundation and make-up, always make certain that the skin is clear and ready for the application. If your pores seem to be clogged, you can open them by giving your face a steam bath. However, this treatment should only be used occasionally, and after the pore accumulation has been removed, cold water should be patted on and, also, either astringent or freshener. This is essential to help contract the pores.

For that perfectly groomed look, Janice uses her foundation carefully, leaving no high-water mark between face and throat. Then she is ready to apply her powder. Most wise girls know that it is best to choose a powder just a shade darker than your foundation, to prevent that ugly floury look that a too-light face powder can give. Janice suggests a large soft puff, or a piece of absorbent cotton for applying the face powder. And it should always be immaculately clean. Pat the powder on your face, your throat, the back of your neck, and as a warning, be sure not to leave a line of un-made-up skin showing—there is nothing more deglamorizing. Press in the powder around your nose and chin to help give your skin a mat finish. Wait a few moments while the powder sets on your skin, and then with a soft face powder brush remove the excess powder. Make sure to take (Please turn to page 90)

when each
kiss may be
the last...

**Each
Kiss
Counts!**

The TRUE story
of two daring
women in Paris!



UNITED ARTISTS presents
CONSTANCE GRACIE

Bennett Fields

in

"PARIS- UNDERGROUND"

with

George Rigaud • Kurt Kreuger

Directed by GREGORY RATOFF

Based on the Story by ETTA SHIBER

RELEASED THRU UNITED ARTISTS

PRODUCED BY

*Constance
Bennett*

It has the
woman's
touch

Over 30,000,000 thrilled to Etta
Shiber's great best-seller in Reader's
Digest and as a Book-of-the-Month.



She's the other
half of a two-
woman Under-
ground.



WINNER OF SIX ACADEMY AWARDS...
 WINNER OF A NATION'S PRAISE...
 WINNER OF A WORLD'S HEART...



For The
 First Time
 at
**POPULAR
 PRICES!**

*Darryl F.
 Zanuck's*

WILSON

Winner of Academy
 Awards for Best
 Screenplay, Color,
 Sound, Settings, Art
 Direction and Edit-
 ing for 1944!

in **TECHNICOLOR!**

with
 ALEXANDER KNOX • CHARLES COBURN
 GERALDINE FITZGERALD • THOMAS MITCHELL
 RUTH NELSON • SIR CEDRIC HARDWICKE
 VINCENT PRICE • WILLIAM EYTHE • MARY ANDERSON
 AND A HUGE CAST OF 12,000

A
20th
 CENTURY-FOX
 PICTURE

Directed by **HENRY KING**
 LAMAR TROTTI

Written for the Screen by

200 SPECTACULAR SCENES!

A SCORE OF 87 HEART-STIRRING SONGS!

The Editor's Page



Paramount's all-time winner, "Going My Way," with Bing Crosby and Barry Fitzgerald, above. Centennial film, Ray Milland and Paulette Goddard in "Kitty."



AN OPEN LETTER to Some Good Old Friends And Some Nice New Ones



"Masquerade In Mexico" stars long-time favorite Dorothy Lamour with new discovery, George Rigaud. Right, Jennifer Jones and Joseph Cotten in "Love Letters."



Lizabeth Scott, new starlet, surrounded by Robert Cummings, Charles Drake, and Don DeFore in the Hal Wallis production of "You Came Along."



Paramount's third-of-a-century celebration is heralded by release of "Incendiary Blonde," with Betty Hutton as the star, supported by Arturo de Cordova.



FROM Sarah Bernhardt in "Queen Elizabeth" to Betty Hutton in "Incendiary Blonde"—and providing good entertainment all along the way—that's Paramount for you. In its third of a century of progress that it's celebrating right now, Paramount may have made some bad pictures, but one thing is certain, it has never made any dull pictures. A company that could turn out in its stride both "Going My Way," that all-time classic, and "Double Indemnity," that melodramatic shocker; the breezy "Incendiary Blonde" and the bright, sophisticated "You Came Along," rates a deep, sweeping bow. I can't say I remember good old Queen Bess, but I do remember other charming characters, from Rudolph Valentino to Alan Ladd, all the famous players from yesterday to tomorrow—including those top box-office names of right now: Bing Crosby,

Bob Hope, Betty Hutton, Dottie Lamour; those delightful new discoveries, Sonny Tuft, Diana Lynn, Gail Russell, to name a few who have been helping to make Paramount films popular.

There's a friendly feeling between Paramount and you and me in the audience. It's a nice, warm feeling. If this company had never produced anything else in its third of a century except "Going My Way" it could just sit back and relax. But Paramount won't do that. It's probably plotting screen surprises for us right now, for its next third of a century.

Delight Yours



Ginger Rogers

In "Weekend at the Waldorf" Ginger Rogers shares starring honors with Lana Turner, Van Johnson, and Walter Pidgeon, for MGM.



He's No Ladies' Man

Oh, no? Well, that's what the man—Turhan Bey—said, in final interview before his induction into the Army

By Jessica Ryan

TURHAN BEY walked into the Universal Studio restaurant, on his last day of work before his induction into the Army, wearing a bathrobe over his costume for "Night in Paradise," in which he co-stars with Merle Oberon, and half a score of female tourists swooned flat on their faces in his wake. Turhan eyed them quizzically, grinned, and another dozen females bit the dust. So Turhan shook his head in bewilderment, stopped by the table where sat Chinese actor, Keye Luke, and leered at him. Keye Luke leered back. Turhan then examined a miniature phonograph being exhibited to all and sundry by one Lou Costello; said Hi! to George Sanders who sneered back an answer; slapped Director Frank Ryan on the back; waved at Maria Montez; and finally and at last, reached his destination.

He kissed my hand, said: "Keye Luke and I made a serial several years ago. I played a Jap," sat down, said he had a cold, and ordered a chocolate malted milk.

"After it's made, please heat it," he told the waitress. And then, as he pulled at one sideburn that was twisted into curls for the picture, he advised me solemnly, "That's an old Turkish custom, you know. We always have our chocolate malted milks hot."

While waiting for the heated malted milk, Turhan talked about music. He talked about the symphony concert he had been to the Sunday before and how thrilling it was. His eyes shone with a true music lover's appreciation for fine

(Please turn to page 77)

No ladies' man? Looking at Lana Turner looking at him, looks like Turhan might be wrong. Right above, his mother visits the young actor and is shown around the studio.



In Universal's "Night In Paradise," Turhan's last picture for the duration, he makes love to Merle Oberon.





Van and Esther are co-stars in "Early To Wed," a gay, young romance. Van also appears with luscious Lana Turner, left above, and clever Ginger Rogers, right above, in "Weekend At The Waldorf."

That lovely Williams gal gives out about that popular Johnson man. Good reading!

By Alyce Canfield

HOLLYWOOD'S all-American girl, lush and lovely Esther Williams, is paired again with Hollywood's all-American boy, Van Johnson. The picture, "Early To Wed," is Esther's fifth, and her third with Van. She knows him pretty well. She should. She's been seeing him day in and day out for a good long while. Monotonous? Are you kidding?

There's been a lot of talk about Van Johnson's popularity. Two years ago he was just another young newcomer. Today he has hit the jackpot. His fan mail is phenomenal. He is the distributors' dream boy, the box-office bonanza. Trying to analyze the *why* of his sudden, smashing success has made the Young Man From Rhode Island Hollywood's most discussed personality. "They" will say, disparagingly, that he isn't the handsomest star, nor the most talented actor, so why all the rum and Coca Cola? Why Van Johnson? Why not a dozen other young men about Hollywood?

To this, Esther replies: "That's a lot of pish and tosh and nonsense. In the first place, what's this talk about there being handsomer men in Hollywood? Name me one! Van's the handsomest thing to hit this town since Gable. He has a healthy, wonderful kind of looks. A very *American* look. A NOT city slicker look. He's down-to-earth, unimpressed with his success. He's a real person. What you are comes off on the screen. There's nothing so strange about Van's success. It was bound to be—for there aren't many people like him in Hollywood.

"Sure, one star may be the salt of the earth, but he won't be handsome, too. Or another may be so good looking he belongs in a collar ad, but he's not a nice person. In fact, his name is splashed all over the front pages now and again. Or still another may work on polishing his performances and give really moving characterizations. Swell, but he's not so pretty without his toupee. Van is good looking, a good actor, and a good person. That last is his gold in the bank, and nothing—money, fame, success—*nothing* will ever change it.

"The first time we met we were both in 'A Guy Named Joe.' I was very green, but everyone else on the picture was a terrific name: Irene Dunne, Spencer Tracy. It was fast company. I had a crying scene to do. I couldn't take everything in my stride. I was scared. I'd be mortified if I didn't get things right. I was so ashamed if I had to do a scene over. Now this picture (Please turn to page 91)



ESTHER WILLIAMS

talks about

Van Johnson

He Ruled the Seven Seas

...until this Wildcat crossed his path!

Captive bride . . . lovely . . . dangerous! She whipped him, wanted to kill him, then loved him as no woman ever loved a man. Thrill-packed days of adventure . . . intimate nights of romance!



The **Spanish Main**

starring
PAUL MAUREEN WALTER
HENREID • O'HARA • SLEZAK

with BINNIE BARNES • JOHN EMERY

A FRANK BORZAGE production

...in Glorious TECHNICOLOR

Executive Producer ROBERT FELLOWS • Associate Producer STEPHEN AMES • Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

Screen Play by GEORGE WORTHING YATES and HERMAN J. MANKIEWICZ



By Jerome Adams

"SHE'LL BE KILLED!" cried the neighbors in horrified tones, as they gathered at the base of the tall, towering telegraph pole. Their faces, turned skyward, masked the terror they felt in their hearts.

"Peggy, please come down," they pleaded. "Those are live wires up there. You'll be killed!"

But Peggy didn't come down—not until she had accomplished her purpose. Neither was Peggy killed. Slowly she continued to wriggle her skinny little body up the pole. Eager-eyed, defiant, she kept looking up—up. Through those high tension wires like an eel! On to the very top rung! With one tight fist she clung. Triumphant her free hand signalled the groaning group below. One scrawny twig-of-a-leg broke loose and kicked joyously out into space.

During the years that followed, little Peggy never stopped looking up. Sometimes the going got rough. Deeply sensi-

tive, lonely, easily hurt, she protected herself with an air of bravado she seldom felt. But she never lost spirit. Never forgot her dreams. Last December little Peggy went to the White House. As Faye Emerson Roosevelt, wife of Brigadier General Elliott Roosevelt, she slept in the Lincoln Room and was given a heart-warming welcome by her new husband's family. That meeting with the late and beloved Franklin Delano Roosevelt is a memory she cherishes with all her heart and soul. The simplicity, the gentility, the overwhelming kindness of all the Roosevelts—she will remember as long as she lives.

Hollywood loves a success story. Hollywood loves Faye Emerson. But Hollywood is still the melting pot of ambition, petty jealousy, conflicting emotion. When Faye was wooed and won by Elliott Roosevelt, the entire town literally stood and cheered. When the nation's newspapers front-paged the Emerson-Roosevelt marriage, cameras stopped turning while stars, directors,

(Please turn to page 64)



Brig. General Elliott Roosevelt, at left below, in front of his plane, "My Faye," named after his wife, Faye Emerson. Above, the Roosevelts enjoy a rare evening of relaxation.



The amazing and romantic story of Faye Emerson

How To Pick a Winner



By
Alfred Hitchcock

As told to Alyce Canfield

Alfred Hitchcock, maestro of melodrama, has been picking winners since he first started as a director in London some twenty years ago. He not only has the ability to keep the audience in a tizzy of suspense with such pictures as "Lifeboat," "Spellbound," "Saboteur," "Shadow Of A Doubt" and "Suspicion," but he knows how to bring out qualities in stars which help this suspense along. Of medium height, rotund, with a scintillating wit, he is apt to deceive the casual observer into thinking he rather plays at life and movie making. To the contrary, Hitchcock has a keen, razor-edged, analytical mind which pulls no punches. Are you movie star material? Listen what Alfred Hitchcock has to say, then decide for yourself!

LONG AGO and far away, when I first started directing pictures in London, a star didn't have to be a great actress to be a success. That was the

day of silent pictures when simple facial expressions and pantomime were the extent of her dramatics. Many old-fashioned movies were like puppet shows. Figures moved across the screen, looking, staring, making gestures. The title writer could make a star either a tragedienne or a comedienne. Often, very humorous subtitles were used with a deadpan closeup, and the effect was hilarious. The performer had to have a likable personality, but it wasn't necessary for her to have great acting ability. Title writers helped the performance considerably. Today, all that is changed.

Today, in talking pictures, a star must be able to act—at least 75 per cent of her success depends on this ability. The director can take care of the other 25 per cent. The star of tomorrow, however, must have 100 per cent acting ability. Because as writing develops and im-

proves in pictures, so will the star have to rise to meet the demands of this better writing. We're always five to seven years behind actual life in picture making. We see this when we look at old pictures and wonder how we could have swallowed such hammy acting. There is a style of staginess which seems to stick to acting. It's difficult to get a truly life-like, natural performance. In movies there is more chance to be natural than on the stage. The stage automatically calls for a style of acting called "projection," which means that the actress must see that the last row "gets" what is going on. That's why, often, when stage actors come to Hollywood, they have to learn to underplay rather than overplay—because the camera exaggerates, making it unnecessary for them to exaggerate.

You see, in conventional acting, if you



June Allyson



Famed director Hitchcock, above, manages to approximate the svelte outlines of his wife and daughter, Patricia, by eating oranges from the trees on his Bel Air estate. Mrs. Hitchcock was his assistant before they were married. Daughter Pat, who has already appeared in three Broadway plays, is picked as a future winner by proud pop, and he can pick 'em—see some of the stars on this page, including below, Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten; Ingrid Bergman in "Spellbound."



Joan Tetzel

meet someone (in a scene) whom you are supposed to dislike, you give him dark looks and strongly indicate to the audience that Here Is A Character You Hate. In real life, this rarely happens. You may meet someone you strongly dislike, but—except for a faint mask of reserve and coldness—you don't show it. You may ignore the person, turn the other way, but you don't indulge in dramatics. In pictures, we have to find ways at arriving at this true-to-life reaction. *A great actress always has control. And she is never perfect, in the sense that life is never perfect.*

By this I mean that she comes into a room—in a scene—and looks around, with poise. She's interesting whether or not she has a big scene to play. She walks around, waits. She has control. She holds the interest of the audience. In contrast, a person who doesn't have control is awkward and ill at ease, or too perfect, walking—like a show girl on parade, conscious of every movement. The actress who has control and presence walks into that room *just as if she were alone*. Perhaps she picks up an ash-



Joan Fontaine



Tallulah Bankhead

tray, looks on the bottom of it to see if the price is still there, then very awkwardly and hurriedly puts it down. There is nothing self-conscious about her movements. She isn't jittery or mentally conscious of her movements. This control, this poise and naturalness, this ability to keep the attention of the audience is the first thing I look for when picking a winner.

After that I want to determine whether or not an actor or an actress has a range



of character. I don't mean an ability to play different types of rôles. I mean an emotional range. Joan Fontaine, for instance, has great range. So has Joseph Cotten. So has Ingrid Bergman. It's absolutely essential that a star—a great star—be able to react to emergencies of life in different ways. Some people react
(Please turn to page 62)

She was the
biggest sucker
of them all!



Back in the hooch-happy days of the Terrific Twenties Texas Guinan greeted the mob at her famous night club with her famous shout of "Hello Suckers" . . . but she was the biggest sucker of them all, for she was desperately, hopelessly in love with a man . . . gambler and racketeer . . . she could never marry.

Texas was famous for another expression, "Give this little girl a great big hand" an expression that she would use again today if she could see Betty Hutton as Texas Guinan in "INCENDIARY BLONDE." Betty is slightly more than terrific as the great Guinan . . . she has to be for Texas was a fabulous personality, rodeo queen, Ziegfeld girl, Hollywood star, and owner of her own night club, telling off the gun-toting gangsters who tried to muscle in on her.

Paramount has filmed Texas Guinan's exciting story in a riot of color, with a cavalcade of great hit tunes, and at a mile a minute pace. The picture is so good that Paramount has chosen it to mark its Third of a Century of Entertaining the World.



Paramount presents

INCENDIARY BLONDE

IN
TECHNICOLOR

starring

Betty Hutton
ARTURO
de Cordova

with **CHARLES RUGGLES • ALBERT DEKKER**
BARRY FITZGERALD

and **Mary Phillips • Bill Goodwin • Edward Ciannelli**
The Maxellos • Maurice Rocco

Directed by **GEORGE MARSHALL**

Original Screen Play by
Claude Binyon and Frank Butler

Paramount—Entertaining the World for One Third of a Century!

Amigo Rigaud



When you get a combination of Gary Cooper, Sonny Tufts, and Walter Pidgeon, you've got something — George Rigaud

By Fredda Dudley

SHORTLY after you read this, you will know the name of George Rigaud as well as you know that of Charles Boyer, Paul Henreid, or Turhan Bey. Within three months' time "Paris—Underground," starring Constance Bennett and Gracie Fields, and "Masquerade In Mexico," starring Dorothy Lamour, will have been released, and you will have had an opportunity to see El Senor Rigaud.

George Rigaud has eyes somehow reminiscent of those of Gary Cooper; he has the boyish enthusiasm and humor of Sonny Tufts; he has the suavity of Walter Pidgeon; add it all together, however, and you get a highly distinctive and individualistic gentleman named Rigaud, pronounced Reégo.

He was born in Buenos Aires of an

Argentine father and a French mother, and he had a sister somewhat older than he; when he was seven, after his father's death, George, his mother and his sister moved to France, arriving with admirable timing for the dramatic in June, 1914. His adventures during this period were numerous, but as we are taking up in today's lesson only Rigaud, the actor; we must leave Rigaud, the child of fabulous destiny, until a later date.

George approached his career from as many different directions as the hub of a wheel is approached by its spokes. It started when he was first sent to an English school to learn to speak the language that he now handles as successfully as Dupont handled nylon (sigh).

Once established in his English school, he made friends with a professor who spoke French and Spanish, as well as his native tongue, which endeared him

When you see Rigaud opposite Constance Bennett in Miss Bennett's first production on her own, "Paris—Underground," you'll acclaim a new star. The gentleman from France will also soon be seen opposite Dottie Lamour in Paramount's film, "Masquerade In Mexico."

to Senor-M'sieur Rigaud. They shared another enthusiasm; each loved horses with a devotion strictly from Kentucky. Each day the professor would send his apt student to the races to place a small bet. Sometimes the equines latched on to the affirmative, and a celebration was held in scholarly rooms that evening. Usually, however, they simply Crosbied ignobly out of the race.

At Christmas time, George went home to spend the holidays with his mother. Beaming with pride, she sent for him one afternoon with the intention of exhibiting his linguistic talents before a group of her friends who had called.

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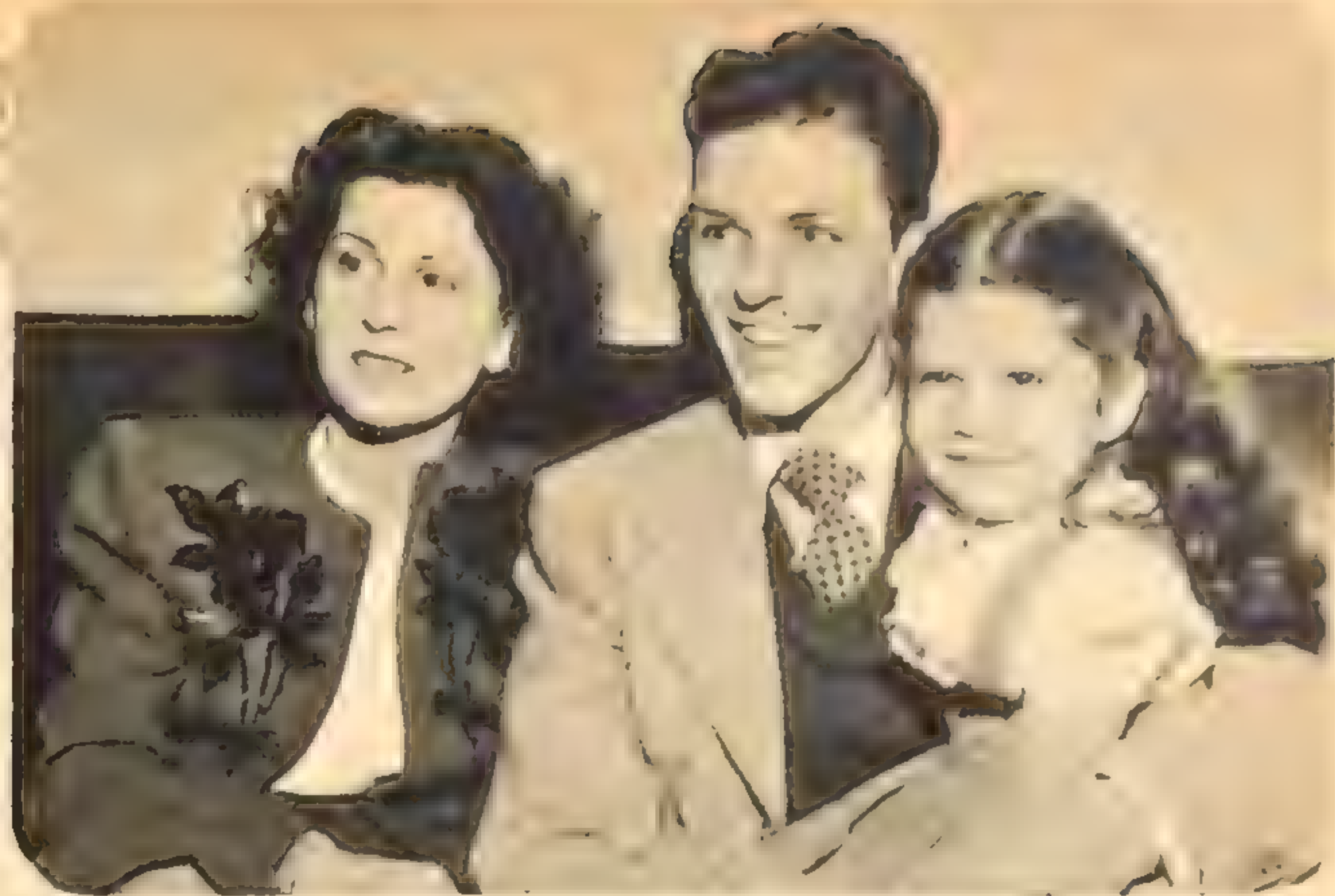
Frankie's



Family

Here's a different story about Sinatra, and we think you'll like it better than any other you've ever read about The Voice

By Mayme Ober Peak



Nancy, Frankie, and Nancy, Jr.



Frankie, Jr., is a brown-eyed boy as plump as his father is thin. No nurse maids at the Sinatras'.



Nancy Senior and Nancy Junior descend the stairs to greet guest in Toluca Lake home.



Frank has the cutest bobby-socks fan of all in daughter Nancy. She's sweet, shy, and unspoiled.

IN MANY a man's life, the "other woman" plays a part. The "other woman" in Hollywood plays a unique part—she's the wife!

At the other end of the triangle are two tremendous challenges—the glamorous personalities of the screen to whom her husband makes love under flattering lights and to soft music; second, millions of feminine admirers who shower him with adulation, mob him for his autograph and write him adoring fan letters—some even proposing marriage.

Mrs. Frank Sinatra, wife of the King of Swoon, has a hundred times more competition than the wife of the greatest heart-flutterer who ever packed them into the box office. Not only do the adolescent bobby-soxers faint at his broadcasts and personal appearances, but girls in their romantic teens paper their rooms with his pictures, keep Sinatra scrap books, knit him socks, take him roses for his buttonhole, camp around his parked car wanting to be near something that belongs to him, follow him home, lie in wait for him at every turn.

These worshippers at the Sinatra shrine, from coast to coast, have a secret alliance that isn't all sentimental. They raise money to equip hospitals and institutions in Frank's name, have helped

him sell millions of dollars' worth of bonds. It's the modern girl's way of paying homage to her hero, along with the swoonsteria of her era.

No man would be human who would be entirely immune to this sort of admiration. Even the most faithful "family man" must sometimes feel like a tin god. It's a smart wife who can compete, or cope, with the situation.

How does Nancy Sinatra do it?

I went to their Toluca Lake home, while Frank was on his overseas tour, to find out. I got my first idea of the weapons she uses from the home setting—a charming pink stucco house with a high wall around the front patio. The rear overlooks a beautiful, restful lake. Frank doesn't have to go to the beach to swim—he'd be mobbed if he did. He can swim in privacy in his own back yard. He has his own boat and can scoot across the lake at will to the Lakeside Golf Club. There is a cabana for his sun baths at the lake's edge—he doesn't have to go to Palm Springs.

The house itself is a homey place upon which no decorator's swank hand has been laid. More of this later. When the door was opened by Nancy Sinatra and Nancy, Jr., dressed alike in white eyelet embroidery blouses and peasant skirts, I discovered that Frank has a glamor girl at home and also the cutest bobby-soxers of them all. Mrs. Sinatra's pictures have never done her Romany beauty justice. She has a petite figure

with curves in the right places, enormous dark brown eyes, and a wealth of brown hair which she wore in a full bob.

Little Nancy, a miniature of her mother, looked like Alice in Wonderland with her waist-length dark hair banded in blue ribbon. She's perpetual motion. The only time she is really ever still, her mother said, is when she is asleep or sitting by the radio singing along with her daddy. Another crooner in the family, Frank, Jr., came in from a ride with his Aunt Tina before I left. He's an adorable brown-eyed boy as plump as his father is thin. A pretty strong magnet for any man is this threesome!

I knew the answer almost before I put my first blunt question—"Mrs. Sinatra, how do you manage to outwit so many rivals and remain the head woman in your husband's life?"

"By making home the greatest thing in Frank's life. I have no social life of my own, no friends I have to dress up to meet for lunch or bridge, so I have plenty of time to devote to my husband, children and home. Some women have so much a life of their own that they can't be a part of their husband's.

"I don't resent his popularity the least bit—he worked too hard for it. I'm glad the girls like him as well as they do. I would be foolish if I were jealous. There would be something to worry about if they didn't make over him

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Scene on facing page shows Frankie with Gene Kelly harmonizing in MGM's "Anchors Aweigh," in which both boys appear at their best.

It's Terrific To Be 22!

Especially when you're blonde, dynamic
Lizabeth Scott, who is taking her brand
new screen career in her graceful stride

By Constance Palmer



Whistle-bait, if Hollywood ever met up
with it! Lizabeth lures admiration from
Charles Drake, Don DeFore, and Robert
Cummings—all three handsome fellows
appear with her in her first film, Hal
Wallis' production, "You Came Along."



LIZABETH SCOTT is glad she's twenty-two. With all the intensity of a super-charged nature, she believes it's a wonderful age. She's glad the uneasy, confused 'teens are behind her and that she's mature enough to handle her brand new career on the screen.

If she's ever had a horoscope cast, an aura of good luck must have hung over the year 1944, because it was then that Hal Wallis saw a picture of her modeling sleek clothes in a fashion magazine and signed her to a personal contract for his Paramount productions. He's even rushing "You Came Along" for a quick release so that you may see her as soon as possible as Bob Cummings' leading woman.

Smooth is the word for Lizabeth. She's the new type of tall, tawny, long-shanked female attractiveness that's the fashion right now. Her face is not the usual pretty-pretty kind unearthed—the Lord only knows where—by the ubiquitous talent-scout. Rather, it is built on broad planes of uncluttered bone-structure. She has been compared in appearance to Lauren Bacall, but this isn't fair to Lizabeth, who at least should be given her own personal claim to distinction. If any comparison at all is made, let us say she is like the Constance Bennett of fifteen years ago and that she, too, can wear clothes to fulfil a designer's dream.

Seldom has a producer felt so certain he has star material as Hal Wallis is with the acquisition of Lizabeth Scott. Consequently, the day after she arrived in Hollywood, she began the intensive series of tests that is given a player who is expected to reach top rank. Hair-dressers, makeup men, photographers, dramatic coaches descended on her like a cloud of busy, swarming bees. They regarded her with complete impersonality; she was simply a commodity that must be made salable in motion pictures.

"I was so confused and unhappy about the first test," Lizabeth mourned. "I couldn't possibly be that bombastic creature bounding around the screen! You see, it was just that I didn't understand the camera or the limitation of space I

The "body makeup" lady touches up Lizabeth's shapely arms for a scene, left above. Producer Hal Wallis goes over the script with his sensational new find. Lizabeth, highly literate young actress, not only has a book, but several. Bottom of page, Bob Cummings and Miss Scott share a closeup in a scene from her film.

had to work in. And I was the girl who'd thought acting for the movies must be as simple as it looked!"

She was appalled and anxious about the time and work spent on her and returned the attention of the studio with earnest co-operation. This was her new career and she was determined to make good in it.

Lizabeth—she dropped the initial "e" to make the name unusual—is Russian-English. Her Russian mother was bitterly against her daughter's decision to go to New York to try to get a job on the stage.

"I was just eighteen and mother felt my place was at home in Scranton with her and my brother and two sisters," she said. "But I argued that, at least, I must satisfy myself by making the attempt—and finally she agreed to finance
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The movie horse called "The King" should have been named Pegasus because he bids fair to carry Elizabeth Taylor a long, long way

By Hyatt Downing

THIS afternoon I fell in love! If I had told any of my friends that this was a possibility they would have stared incredulously and said: "Take a good gander in the mirror and *then* talk about falling in love."

But of course none of my friends, the people I pal around with, know the lady. I didn't myself until about one o'clock. It happened just like that. One moment I was a free man and the next I was irrevocably in chains. Wait till I tell you.

She has eyes the color of sea water when it is deep and still; brown hair hanging low over her shoulders and framing a small, heart-shaped face; beautiful white teeth that seem too perfect to be real; a smile that reaches way down inside you and makes you say "A-h-h-h," as you do when you look at a lovely old French miniature by Nattier; delicate long-fingered hands that seem forever in motion. She is small—hardly more than ninety pounds, I should think—and as graceful as a blown leaf. She is Elizabeth Taylor and she is thirteen years old.

In the beginning it didn't appear that I was going to like Miss Taylor at all. She was late to the party—I mean the interview—and I had sat for thirty minutes reading ancient copies of magazines and smoking one cigarette after another and glancing at my watch and saying things to myself. People are likely to be that way, you know, when they think they are being treated too casually. It does something to their self-esteem—and you'd much better break a man's leg than injure his self-esteem. I was just about to rise in dudgeon and remark that Miss Taylor could take a run and jump straight into the Pacific Ocean—when she arrived. And then I forgot all about being angry.

She came into the room with a rush and began talking almost before she had crossed the threshold. She gave me her hand and said something about her mother having forgotten the appointment. I wasn't listening. I was just standing still and looking at the most beautiful little girl I ever saw and wondering how they got that way.

Then she plumped down beside me on a wide lounge which crackled a little when her weight hit the cushions. This seemed to astonish her and she tried it again. She tried it several times but the crackle wouldn't come any more. She seemed vaguely disappointed.

After that she began talking. It wasn't any trouble at all to get her to talk. She just runs on and on—like a brook. We talked about a great number of things during the next half-hour or so, but mostly we talked about King Charles. King Charles was beautiful, he was proud, he was austere, he was magnificent. I sat in open-mouthed wonder. "Is it pos-

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Elizabeth Taylor and the King





Of course "The King," facing page with Elizabeth Taylor, is the youngster's favorite; but she's a kitten cuddler, too.



Taylor fans on the set of MGM's "Hold Back the Torch" include Frank Morgan, Tom Drake, Lassie and the milk-fed baby lamb.



Real Paradise for pretty Elizabeth has been her new film, for in addition to the famous dog, Lassie, her rôle calls for her to play with an unusual collection of assorted pets.



Plenty of iron in these baby cereals... for a very good reason!

Baby is born with a supply of iron gathered during the prenatal period. Doctors find that this supply of precious iron in many babies may be low three months, or more, after birth. That is why Gerber nutritionists have added to Gerber's Cereal Food and Gerber's Strained Oatmeal generous amounts of iron along with Vitamin B₁—so helpful to baby's well-being.

Feed your baby *both* Gerber's cereals, turnabout—for variety helps baby eat better. Remember, too, it is always wise to check your baby's feeding program with your doctor.

These two Gerber's cereals are recommended by doctors for their well-balanced, nourishing value. Each ounce exceeds the National Research Council's recommended allowance for infants in both Thiamine (Vitamin B₁) and Iron.



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Address..... City and State.....

How a tall, blonde, green-eyed girl in Greenwich Village won her first publicity break which led her to stardom as Lauren Bacall

By Juliet Throckmorton

THE receptionist at the Throckmorton Scenic Studios just south of Washington Square was very annoyed that April day of 1942. Her daily routine was constantly interrupted by a new type of visitor. These visitors were breathless, haughty, or just wholesome young beauties. All of them eagerly presented entry blanks bearing their names, addresses and birthplaces, together with height and weight, bust, waist, hip, and shoe measurements, "vital statistics."

Today a screen sensation and the bride of Humphrey Bogart, Lauren Bacall, then Betty Joan Bacall, in 1942 was adjudged the winner of the "Miss Greenwich Village" contest by a jury including Ole Olsen and Walter Thornton. At right, Bacall of '42, as she won contest.

This procedure seemed a waste of time to the busy lady at the desk, but she did look hard at one of the girls who came in with her mother. This particular girl was tall, blonde, lissome, and somehow different. But we shall come to her later and explain that all these young hopefuls were storming the studio to enter themselves in a beauty contest, sponsored by various associations of the Washington Square district to promote a drive for the settlement at Greenwich House, a famous institution and landmark of this nostalgic region, sentimentally known as old New York.

The idea of selecting the "most beautiful and talented resident of the neighborhood" had been suggested by Cleon Throckmorton, stage designer, as a publicity angle for the drive. The winner was to be crowned "Miss Greenwich Village," receive a prize, and eventually be sent along to the big Atlantic City Beauty Show. The girl was to be chosen by a jury consisting of James Montgomery Flagg, David Lowe, Walter Thornton, Paul Unterbridge, Throckmorton and other New York men of note.

Once the contest was announced, the fun began. Headquarters at the studio were besieged with applicants. Dark, fair, medium, the classic type, the seductive type, cute girls, stately girls, plump and slender girls, on they came. The girl we mentioned before who was somehow different came early and quietly. Her entry blank read as follows:

Name: Betty Joan Bacall

Mother: Natalie Bacal

Address: 75 Bank Street

Born: Manhattan

Education: Grammar, High School Graduate

Her height: 5' 8"; her bust 33; waist 23½, hips 35

Color of Eyes: Green; hair, blonde; complexion, fair

Talent: Actress—in "Johnny 2 x 4," Academy of Dramatic Arts. Currently she was a Powers and Thornton model.

Bacall, contestant number three!

The girls continued to pour in. They came from the tenements, the little studios or the tall apartment buildings that tower over the square. The neighborhood yield of pulchritude was really aston-



ishing. Obviously the judges would have no easy task.

When the big night came the hall was jammed with proud parents and friends and a huge audience. The judges sat assembled before the stage, their faces intent and serious. The parade began. The girls were flushed and excited, their eyes full of hope and Hollywood.

The judges whispered, pointed, argued. Eliminations started and the unlucky ones began to drop out, looking embarrassed and unhappy.

The tall girl with green eyes, Bacall, moved serenely about the stage. She was still among the chosen but one felt she would have taken it very calmly even were she not.

Still the judges wrangled, whispered and took notes. It was an unnaturally warm Spring night and the audience grew a bit restive. After a long time the can-

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Bacall's Beginnings

ENTRY BLANK FOR
"MISS GREENWICH VILLAGE" CONTEST TO SELECT THE MOST TALENTED
AND BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN GREENWICH VILLAGE.
Sponsored by the Greenwich Village Association at the "SITE
OF STARS" block party,
Judging-May 21, 1942, 11 p.m. Prizes for finalists.
The winner will be eligible to compete on an equal footing with
representatives of the five boroughs for the title of "Miss
New York" in a later contest to be held at Madison Square Garden
and, whether she wins that additional title or not, will re-
ceive a trip to Atlantic City with all expenses paid as the
maid of honor to Miss New York.

NAME IN FULL Betty Tom Bacall AGE 18
Street address 15 Bank St.
Where born MANHATTAN
Parents' names NOTALIE BACAL
Education GREENWICH VILLAGE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE

Measurements: Height 5'6" Calf _____
Weight 117 Ankle _____
Bust 34 Neck _____
Waist 25 1/2 Upper arm _____
Hips 35 Lower arm _____
Thigh _____ Wrist _____
Shoe size 8-9-10 Dress size Small

Color of hair BROWN Eyes GREEN Complexion Fair

TALENT
Actress in "Johnny and June"
Amateur Productions
AMERICAN ACADEMY OF DRAMATIC ARTS
Central Theatre School

Closeup of a Coming Star

The girl who sang "Little Yellow Bird" is going places. Better catch up with Angela Lansbury right now!

By Maude Cheatham

YOU SHOULD know Angela Lansbury! Today, she's counted one of Hollywood's most promising young players and is rapidly climbing toward stardom. 'Member her as the pert Cockney maid in "Gaslight?" Her skill made her outstanding even in a cast of seasoned players such as Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer and Joseph Cotten.

Angela names *perfect timing* as responsible for her success. This elusive quality is her best friend and is on hand at each step in her career. It is really amazing how it has worked.

In "National Velvet" she brought beauty and charm to the small part of the grown-up sister. Then came her brilliant work in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray." Her haunting song, "Little Yellow Bird," has swept the country. Now, she's playing her first American rôle in "The Harvey Girls," vying with Judy Garland for the affections of John Hodiak. As the cabaret "moll," Angela sings and dances, then makes the supreme sacrifice for Judy to win her man. She's required to carry a fine psychology throughout the drama, which she likes.

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Since her performance as the Cockney maid in "Gaslight," Angela has scored in "The Picture Of Dorian Gray" and is reported a real sensation as a dance-hall girl in "The Harvey Girls," Judy Garland's new MGM starrer. Left, Angela in character for this latest rôle. Below, with her mother, and with John Hodiak, hero of her new film.



Tom Drake, Take a Bow

You asked for him, and here he is. Since "Meet Me in St. Louis" Tom Drake's fan mail has hit a new high. Watch for him next in "Hold High The Torch," with Elizabeth Taylor.



EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO PEGGY

Never a dull stretch in the screen career of lively Peggy Ryan

Ah, men! Peggy is trying to keep her head but how can she, with so many men in the world? So all she can keep is her diary, and somehow that perfectly innocent book (of course) even leads her right onto the witness stand. In her new Universal opus, Peggy plays a sprightly secretary in love with her boss, Jon Hall. Maxie Rosenbloom and Louise Allbritton (scenes at lower left) are in the cast.





DOUBLE *Blonde* TROUBLE!

Betty Grable by herself is devastating enough. Add equally blonde June Haver and you have a neat-double portion of disturbing femininity. But you'll like it, when you see the girls in action in "The Dolly Sisters." John Payne, right, woos Betty in 20th Century-Fox's latest musical.



By Hyatt Downing

She Knows What She

Sometimes these very determined career girls can be awful bores! But Phyllis Thaxter, who is heading for her goal with the aim and speed of a bullet, manages to remain very feminine and very, very charming

SHE WAS ten minutes late for our appointment and I was turning away grumpily when a Ford coupé bounced to the curb and a girl bounced out of it. She waved a hand holding up two packages of cigarettes. "Look!" she exclaimed breathlessly. "Two!"

"Hoarding," I said severely.

"I know," she said, "but I just *had* to have two packs in case my husband drops in on furlough."

That, I discovered as I talked to her in the hour that followed, is the very core of Phyllis Thaxter's character. She is a very definite and determined young lady. When she has made up her mind that something is necessary to her well being, her happiness or her career, she goes straight toward it. Like a bullet. Take the business of acting.

At the age of 17 she decided she wanted to go on the stage. Her father, Sydney Thaxter, Judge of the Supreme Court in Maine, found his daughter a knottier problem than the toughest trial that had come before him on the bench. He brought his legal talents to bear in the matter. He briefed the case. He pointed out her extreme youth, her lack

of experience, the hazards encountered by stage-struck youngsters. It was like talking to a jury that had already made up its collective mind. So, like an able



jurist, he compromised. He kept the case out of court. Phyllis was apprenticed to the famous Ogunquit Theater in Maine where she came under the di-

rect observation of Laurette Taylor. That was enough. The fire was lit. The next year she sailed into New York on the billowing cloud of her ambition. In two weeks she had a walk-on bit in George Abbott's "What A Life," starring Ezra Stone. After that came summer stock and pretty good parts in "Our Town" and "Shadow And Substance."

There followed, then, a period of waiting from September until February. Waiting but not idleness. Phyllis met people, she asked questions, she got around. The Lunts were casting "There Shall Be No Night," and strangely, Phyllis happened to bob up at the right place at the right time. Miss Fontanne personally auditioned her and she came out still riding on her silver-lined cloud. She won the part of the maid and the chance to understudy the ingénue. The Lunts were impressed. So was Phyllis. Then came "Claudia" and whoosh, the fleecy cloud turned into a sky rocket with Phyllis riding it into the ethereal heights of stardom. "Oh, the Lunts," she says, still breathlessly, "what artists! What magnificent human beings! They

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Following her hit in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," Phyllis Thaxter finds a powerful part in "Bewitched," as a girl with a dual personality. Below, two closeups of the evil character. Circle above, as the sweet personality in a scene with Henry Daniels, Jr.



Wants and She'll Get
It!





This is What I Believe

By request—
another article in our
series of famous stars'
frank opinions on
worthwhile subjects

By Bette Davis
As told to Dora Albert

WHEN SCREENLAND asked me to declare myself on what I believe, about life-death-religion and many other vital issues in our lives, I was intrigued. But when I started to put my beliefs in writing, I was assailed with doubts. I was amazed at the contradictions in my own thinking. Finally, however, I came to the conclusion that if I sorted out my own thoughts, and the expression of them led Minnie in Minneapolis or Tommy in Topeka to wonder, "Now what do I think about that?" then this article would have

accomplished some good. For I believe it is important for every individual to do his own thinking. Especially today, in this war-torn, chaotic world, we must refuse to accept any ready-made thoughts or doctrines, until we have carefully analyzed them in our own minds.

So with this idea in mind—because I want you to read this, out in the wheat fields of Kansas or up in the skyscrapers of New York, to come to your own conclusions on each subject, I'll make the plunge.

LIFE. I believe in the law of com-

pensation. You get back in life what you give. The goal of life should not be to get to heaven or escape hell but to make sense in your everyday behavior as you go along. If there is an after life—and who knows whether there is or not—if you have behaved like a decent human being, you will have nothing to fear.

DEATH. At the time of our deaths we are all faced with our own lives. People who have led selfish lives are terrified, as they remember the waste. I believe that the only people who are ready to accept death are those who have lived their



Davis at work. Above, with her hairdresser and ace cameraman Polito on the set of Betta's latest picture, "A Stolen Life." Left, quick lunch between scenes, and rehearsal with co-star Glenn Ford.

lives as fully and as kindly as possible.

I find it hard to reconcile myself to the death of young people in the prime of life. A minister once told me that some people die young, because they have accomplished everything they were destined for within a comparatively short period of life. Other people take longer to achieve what they were destined to achieve. I do believe that there is logic and comfort in this explanation for those who lose loved ones who are still young—it has comforted me in the past.

It is true that the people left behind often become greater people. If it had not been for the death of his son while

in training in this country, I feel that Joe E. Brown, for instance, might not have done the magnificent war job he has. Physically such a tremendous job was beyond his strength, as it would be beyond the strength of any man his age. I feel it was greatly the knowledge that his son had died in this war that gave him the courage to go on.

RELIGION. I am not an agnostic or an atheist. We certainly didn't plan this universe ourselves. There must be some kind of plan. Every person, whether he wants to believe or not, has an image of God in his heart. However, I am not a great church-goer. I do not believe that going to church is necessarily a sign of being religious. For some people religion has become an escape instead of a working plan. Religion, I think, should not become a passive thing. I believe you have to prove your religion in daily life. One of the greatest creeds is "Do unto

others as you would have them do unto you." If you do, then you believe in God more than those who go to church regularly but don't care how they behave themselves between times.

The basis of some religion is fear. We say to children, "God will punish you if you don't behave." Why should that be? God is supposed to be good. Why should we tremble in fear of His punishments? Our motive should not be fear of Him, but love of Him and a desire to please Him. There is one kind of fear in which I do believe—the fear of hurting others. That is a good kind of fear.

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Davis, good citizen, introduced Archibald McLeish at Free World dinner, below. Right, juggling for servicemen's amusement at Hollywood Canteen. Far right, unselfconscious star on set.



Ginger

Everything's grand for Ginger Rogers right now, what with a brilliant performance in "Weekend at the Waldorf" and reunion with husband Jack Briggs who has just returned from overseas

Smart, knowing, sophisticated are the clinch scenes between Ginger Rogers and Walter Pidgeon in MGM's high-powered romance, below. Left, sidelight on a star's studio day—the hair-dresser smooths the lovely Rogers tresses for a boudoir scene.



Peachy



The Starduster

The gentleman from Indiana whose "Stardust" remains a request number after sixteen years is now a famous Hollywood character as well as composer. Since "To Have And Have Not" he's in demand as an actor and, among his friends in Holmby Hills, as a darn good barber, of all things

By Neil Rau



Hoagy likes to compose music for children's songs and is inspired by antics of his young sons, Randy Bob and Hoagy Bix.

IF HOAGY CARMICHAEL hadn't made a hole in one that afternoon before I ran into him at the Brown Derby, this piece probably never would have been written and my barber would be a much happier man today.

Hoagy was trying powerfully hard to be modest about sinking that one shot at the Bel Air Country Club, and when I started kidding him about it one of his pals came hotly to his defense.

"He probably cooks, too," I kidded Hoagy's defender, and I wasn't at all surprised when I received an answer in the affirmative.

"Yeah; and he does a lot of other things that would surprise you, like paint-

ing and designing and—well, he's also a darn good barber."

It seems I had heard something before about Hoagy's prowess at the tonsorial art, but I had always thought it was a gag. However, his pal assured me it wasn't and persuaded Hoagy to give me a demonstration. At about this juncture I started backing down. I could just picture an eccentric songwriter whacking away at my noggin to the tune of his own "Washboard Blues," and I didn't relish the idea.

But the friend persisted, and finally talked me into feeling morally responsible to offer myself as a guinea pig to Hoagy so he would have the chance to prove he

could really cut hair. The conversation reminded me of another late gent from Indiana by the name of Ring Lardner, and his famous short story, "Haircut." It gave me an idea.

"Okay," I agreed. "If Hoagy wants to show me his stuff with the cutlery, I'm willing. And he can do all the talking so I can get myself a story." So we repaired to the Carmichael manse in West Los Angeles and retired to the special room at the back of the house where Hoagy yields himself up to the aesthetic pleasure of snipping.

It's a fact! The man actually gets some kind of moral lift out of shaping a
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Latest Hoagy Carmichael quaint acting job is in "Johnny Angel," with George Raft and Signe Hasso.

Hoagy's hobby: cutting hair. Guinea pig below is author Neil Rau. Hoagy's really an expert at the art.

Remember Hoagy as the piano player in "To Have And Have Not," with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall? (Below).



Sure, the movies have grown up! But nothing can ever quite take the place of the serial thrillers which, for all their modern trimmings, still bring out the small boy in the best of audiences

Chapter in the life of a "serial queen." The girl, Republic's pretty red-head, former model Linda Sterling; the serial, "The Purple Monster Strikes." During course of picture, Linda is thrown over a cliff, dropped out a high window, caught in an explosion, and finally, trapped in a tank—sequence shown here. Scene at lower right shows Linda struggling frantically in the clutches of Roy Barcroft, as The Purple Monster.



NEW "SERIAL
QUEEN"
CAN TAKE IT!



That Unpredictable John Dall

You can't classify this young actor—he's a law unto himself, like the man he played in "The Corn Is Green"

By Elizabeth B. Petersen

YOU can't put John Dall into a pat category the way you can most people. You can't say that because of that he did this, for two and two simply refuse to make four in his arithmetic. They always add up to something you don't expect at all.

For instance, he comes from a family of engineers, on both the paternal and distaff sides, so he became an actor. Then after having studied and worked for years and attained a name for himself in the little theaters and summer stock companies he suddenly gave them all up and got a job selling pajamas in Macy's because he wanted to get a part in a Broadway show. And the reason the bow ties he wears so consistently that they have become something of a Dall trademark are always lopsided is that his father insisted his hair be cut in a Dutch bob when he was a kid. All of which seems very confusing until John unscrambles the Dall code for you.

The Dutch bob affair runs something like that old jingle, for want of a nail the shoe was lost, for it wasn't because of the bob itself but the things it lead to that his left arm bends the wrong way and he can't lift it and so has only the use of his right hand to knot his tie.

It wasn't John's idea of a haircut but after that first stormy protest he accepted it philosophically, and at that everything was all right until the family moved to a new neighborhood. He went out to play with the gang. But the gang had different ideas. They took one look at John and promptly dubbed him a sissy.

They're still talking about that battle up on Morningside Heights. For when John insisted on joining a touch football game going on in a vacant lot the players ganged up on him and when it was over and John extricated himself from under that pile of flying juvenile tackles his left arm was badly broken.

At the time it seemed a small price to pay for getting rid of that hated haircut, since even his father could see that it

hadn't been a feasible plan at all. But it seemed that once his arm had gotten the breaking habit it couldn't stop itself. It was broken four times after that, and though in school he added considerably to his weekly allowance by bending his arm the wrong way for the baffled wonderment of fellow students plus a modest cash payment, it's turned out to be quite a liability, especially in the matter of that before-mentioned tie.

Not that the lopsided effect matters where John is concerned. If anything, it adds to that careless charm of his that has a way of ingratiating everyone who meets him. But don't let that easy-going manner of his fool you. It couldn't anyway, not after seeing his performance in "The Corn Is Green." For underneath all that gay exuberance of his is a pretty level-headed, serious guy who knows just where he is going and has his road maps plainly marked with no detours to slow up his progress.

Even as a kid he had that course mapped out. It was a cousin of his, a girl, who first supported him in that strange-to-the-rest-of-the-family hankering to be an actor.

"I always had the urge," John says today. "I never wanted to be anything else. I started out in a very small way down in Panama where my father was making the plans for a new airport, but it wasn't until we returned to the States that I had a chance to go in for theatricals in a serious way.

"I'll never forget the day I appeared before the director of a well-known children's repertory theater. She was a very talented, very successful woman, but she was also very ruthless, and after I'd finished my stint she looked at me coldly.

"Tell me something, boy," she said in that clipped way of hers: "You're interested in acting, want to make a living at it?" Then as I nodded eagerly she went on in that same impassive voice: "Well, let me tell you this, you'll starve to death!"

"She said it just that way, let me have it right in the teeth. The shock floored me and I went home in a mental flux, completely mixed up, hurt and mad at the same time. The family saw it as a means of getting me away from what they called my acting bug and tried to persuade me to go on to college. But I couldn't. I had to show her she was wrong.

[Please turn to page 70]

A hit in Hollywood and Broadway: John Dall appeared opposite Bette Davis in "The Corn Is Green," won acclaim as a brilliant screen actor. Now playing soldier hero in New York stage comedy, "Dear Ruth," to hearty applause. Left, facing page, provocative scene with Joan Lorring from the Warner film.

Pictures here show John, top, in his Manhattan apartment during successful run of his Broadway show; buying tickets for his own movie and, right, dating Nancy Walker, comedy star of another Broadway hit, "On The Town." Don't ask us if it's a serious romance. All we know is the kids like to laugh a lot, together.



ADRIAN SUITS

CONSTANCE BENNETT



Above, Miss Bennett wears a mist-grey worsted suit with lighter grey criss-crosses and square yoke trim. Soigné is the word for these Adrian suits which Connie glorifies in "Paris—Underground," exciting melodrama which the star herself has produced for United Artists release.

Note the severe silhouette of this suit, just a whit relieved by the brief, one-sided half paplum, and the string ties at waist and right shoulder tipped with gold metal. Sauciest beret in town, gold link choker and bracelet watch, and gold loop earrings give accent to costume.

Noted designer dreams up the Bennett wardrobe, consisting entirely of these perfect suits, for the star's first personally produced picture, "Paris Underground"



Long recognized as one of the world's best-dressed women, Constance Bennett wears an all-suit wardrobe by Adrian, exclusively pictured here. Above, the suit is in navy blue wool, with the insets of self material stitched in red, as are the buttons. Notice amusing buckles.



Trim afternoon suit of pale dawn-rose shetland wool, above, has jacket with cut-out circles backed by white silk piqué, with circle motif repeated in the pockets. Miss Bennett will probably bring back the gold-mesh bag as a bibelot as soon as fashion-wise women see this.



Clean lines characterize the suit and coat of black barathea, above, designed by Adrian. The black, green, and white chiffon neckerchief is a fashion fillip which Miss Bennett sometimes carries, sometimes knots softly about her throat, again ties kerchief-wise about her blonde head.

Here's Hollywood

Gossip By Weston East



Seen 'round town, reading from top of page: Vic Orsatti, agent, with wife Marie McDonald in a "whipped cream" chapeau; happy newlyweds, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cummings; Jimmy Durante dancing with Peggy Koster; the Don Ameches enjoying a gay date; and George Brent with Janet Martin, top of opposite page.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, Clark Gable, Cary Grant, Ray Milland are a few of the stars who have kept 16-millimeter films of their biggest successes. They borrow back and forth and run them off at Hollywood parties. Recently Clark Gable was present when his host showed "A Free Soul," the picture Clark made with Norma Shearer 13 years ago. Everyone roared at the hammy acting and talked back to the actors on the screen. When the lights went on, Clark turned to Van Johnson who was one of the spectators and said, "Any time you start to take this business seriously, just remember what happened tonight." He was grinning when he said it, but it's still good advice for Van or any other over-night movie idol.

"**W**E ADORE each other, but our moods clash and we can't get along together." Mrs. Bob Hutton told this to

Weston East over a month before they announced their final separation. At the time they decided to give it one more chance—a chance that failed. Her family is very comfortably situated. Bob has a good movie salary. So unlike other couples who marry and struggle toward success, there isn't a financial problem that oft-times forces people to remain together and sometimes work things out. Strangely enough, her family never liked actors until they met Bob and discovered his sweetness. She in turn has always yearned to be an actress and is still bent on having a career. Thus do Natalie and Bob come to the parting of the ways after 18 months of marriage. "We think it is best to part while we are still friends," is their final statement.

WHEN the big boss asked Bogart's "Baby" what she'd like for a wed-

ding present, Mrs. Bogart looked thoughtful. Finally she remarked whimsically that it would be nice to own the big black convertible she drove for a scene in "The Big Sleep." It happened to belong to the studio, so it was theirs to give if they wanted. It seems they *did* want to, very much—which gives you a rough idea of Bacall's rating with the front office. By the way, no less an authority on good acting than Charles Boyer says that B.B.B. is one of the finest instinctive young actresses he has ever worked with. They're together (and how!) in "Confidential Agent."

SHORTLY after her boy friend became Private Turhan Bey, Lana Turner showed up on Los Angeles' Olvera Street with Van Johnson. This colorful Mexican landmark went into a tizzy. Crowds gathered. Someone tipped off the newspapers.



Bridal scene: Judy Garland poses with her husband, Vincente Minelli, and Louis B. Mayer after wedding in her mother's home.



Army's day: Eddie Robinson talks with Gen. Patton and Gen. Doolittle. Below, Victor Mature with Buff Cobb and Mayo Methot (ex-Bogart).



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Bette Davis, above, accepts award from International Screen and Radio Guild for her outstanding contributions to interracial harmony; Lena Horne, center, awarded for outstanding achievement; and at far right, Bob Burns and Dwight Houser during their ceremonies at the Shrine auditorium.



Cameras clicked. Far from being a new romance, Van was merely doing Lana a favor. When she said she liked to go to fortune tellers, Van offered to escort her to his favorite soothsayer to get her palm read. And that's all there was to it.

ROSALIND RUSSELL, completely recovered from her nervous collapse, is busy making "She Wouldn't Say Yes." Lee Bowman is the lucky leading man who plays opposite Roz and he's lucky for more than one reason. First, it is an excellent part. But Rosalind's slow convalescence in the hospital gave her time for some serious thinking. Never again is she going to work so hard that she loses her humor and shocks her nerves. So their set is like one long, happy holiday. Lee goes home at night with sides literally sore from laughing so much at those wonderful Russell antics. All this and a pay check, too. Who wouldn't like to be a movie star?

REMAINING true to her superstition that the number 13 is lucky for her, Deanna Durbin married producer Felix Jackson on the 13th of June. Going along with the gag, Universal sent the couple a set of flat silver—13 pieces of each.

Deanna's new husband (whom she insisted she would never marry) is 20 years her senior. She is wife number four—which should give her a lot in common with Lauren Bacall!

CLARK GABLE and Cary Grant have been served notice to join the "Crooner's Union" or suffer the consequences. The threat comes red hot from Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Andy Russell. Cary is going to warble several Cole Porter numbers in "Night And Day." Clarkie-boy whips off a few bars of the "Trolley Song" in "This Strange Adventure." If they can possibly arrange it, the day these numbers are recorded, Bing, Frank and Andy are going to sneak on the set and give out with a few Bronx cheers.

UNLESS there are further complications, by the time you read this Bette Davis and "The Little Foxes" troupe *should* be on their way overseas. Whoever it is that makes those decisions in Washington refused permission for Bette to do "The Letter" or "The Voice Of The Turtle." The lines were supposedly too suggestive for those delicate G.I. ears! This didn't set so well with La Davis. So she asked for suggestions. When "The Late Christopher Bean" (all about a plodding servant girl) and "Mr. And Mrs. North" (perfect for Gracie Allen) were okayed as proper Davis vehicles, Bette practically blew her top. You can imagine Bette going over there in some flimsy little melodrama that should only happen to Shirley Temple. Not our Bette. She agreed to compromise with "Little Foxes," which would be giving the boys their money's worth—and the Bette Davis they'd expect to see.

WHEN JACK BENNY took his troupe (including Ingrid Bergman) overseas, wifey Mary Livingstone remained in Beverly Hills to keep the home fires crackling. The day Jack left he handed Mary a stack of envelopes. On each was marked the date it should be opened. The first one instructed Mary to look in the drawer where Jack kept his handkerchiefs. There Mary found a gold necklace. The second envelope led her to a pair of jeweled earrings. There were enough weekly envelope surprises to last until Jackie came marching home again. Mary says it was just like a treasure hunt. And *what* a treasure is that man she married!

JUDY GARLAND and Vincente Minnelli didn't get married in New York's famed Little Church Around The Corner after all. It seems Judy's being a divorcée automatically cancelled any such plans. They were married in her mother's house, then left for the big city on the same train that carried honeymooners Donna Reed and agent Tony Owen. Speaking of Judy and her new director-husband, have you noticed how much they resemble each other? That old one about people in love growing to look alike certainly applies in this case. MGM is very pleased over Judy's current alliance. In the past it's been a sometimes sad, sometimes almost neurotic little Garland who had her bosses puzzled and worried. In Minnelli she has a wise, understanding friend and husband.

FOR A gal who was born on the wrong side of the tracks (and never forgets it like some stars we know) Betty Hutton is doing all right. When she returns from her coming overseas tour, she'll move into her



first personally owned new house. It has ten rooms and a swimming pool. There are two guest houses on the place also. You can depend on it that any time Betty's old pals from Broadway try to crash Hollywood, they'll have a place to stay while they're making the grade.

WITH JINX FALKENBURG married to Lieut. Col. Tex McCrary and Leslie Brooks about to become a mother, Columbia Studios are now going to bombard Marguerite Chapman with all those darling little romantic rumors. Speaking of Maggie, she's still shaking over her experience playing opposite Fred MacMurray in "Pardon My Past." It seems she suddenly became terrified when she found herself in there with Fred, Tamiroff and several other big stars. The nicer they were to her, the more frightened she became. She literally shook every time director Leslie Fenton yelled "Turn 'em over." As a result, Maggie gives the best performance of her career!

COME Christmas (just a year following their marriage), John Payne and Gloria De Haven will be playing real life rôles of papa and mama. It won't be a new experience for John, who was once married to Anne Shirley and is the father of her little Judy. But for Gloria, who was playing with dolls a few short years ago herself, the anticipation is pretty thrilling. She hadn't broken the news to her studio bosses when the story leaked out in the papers. You should have seen their faces when they read it. They were just beginning to get used to the thought of their glorious Gloria being married!

WHOEVER named her "Hedy La Ma" doesn't begin to know the half of

it. While it was quite an ordeal bringing little Denise Loder into the world, the famous Hedy is an amazing mother. She hasn't budged out of the house since the day her daughter was born. Hedy can't wait for Thursday when the nurse has her day off. Kinda cute of proud papa John Loder. He's already started a scrap book for little Denise and has filled five pages. Just as soon as the strike is over, Hedy starts production plans for "Strange Woman."

AT LONG last, Joan Fontaine is a free soul. She just received her final divorce decree from Brian Aherne. The expiration of her contract with David Selznick is near. She's riding the crest of the wave but if we know our Joanie, she won't be signing any one of the many studio offers that would curb her freedom. What a far cry from the strange, anti-social Fontaine who originally starred in those first bad "B" pictures! Everything she once envied sister Olivia for is now her own. She claims she is heart-whole and contract-free. And that's the way she wants things to remain.

THERE was a time when John Emery was better known as Tallulah Bankhead's husband. But that was before anyone knew what Hollywood recently discovered. John and Tallulah were divorced. He next married the lovely Tamara Geva. His career, like his dreams, kept getting better all the time. Then he made "Blood On The Sun," playing the Japanese Emperor. Every studio—everyone has a job for him, including his ex-wife. She wants him for her new Fall play but John is too much in demand to spare the time. It's a long lane, etc., and it couldn't happen to a more deserving fellow.

Jinx Falkenburg, movie star and now a business woman, opens her new Mexican Fabric Studio. At far right, she models an original design for Anita Louise; Jinx and Paulette Goddard, center, admire Pancho's snood at the opening day party; above, with Esther Williams.

FRANCHOT TONE is back in Hollywood to await the arrival of his second child. He's hoping for a girl this time. Then he wants another boy. Then another girl. "After that," says Franchot, "I'll be perfectly satisfied, whichever I get!"

ESTHER WILLIAMS couldn't have been more touched over those fancy suede gloves, sent to her by a convalescent Marine in Hawaii. "Pretend these are violets from a Marine who thought of you on Iwo Jima," read the card. Kind of makes one stop and think, doesn't it?

DOROTHY LAMOUR is dreaming of a rainbow-colored Christmas and for a very good reason. Sometime in December she will become a mother. Both Dotty and her husband, Major William Ross Howard, the third, are just about hysterical with happiness. They've wanted a baby for a long time and had just about given up hope. When the news broke at Paramount, all the wardrobe girls, hairdressers and script clerks, who are great Lamour fans, got together and gave her a shower. Biggest laugh of all came when Dotty opened her stand-in's present. It was a tiny pink and blue sarong!



SCREENLAND SALUTES

"THE STORY OF G. I. JOE"

There is one special thing we can tell you about "The Story of G. I. Joe." This sincere and deeply moving screen play, based on the great stories by war correspondent Ernie Pyle, is almost worthy of all our "G. I. Joes" and of Ernie, too



The late Ernie Pyle, far left, is impersonated by Burgess Meredith, above, who gives a fine, forthright portrayal of America's great correspondent as he fought the war his own way, side by side with the gallant men he wrote about. Lester Cowan's production for United Artists is definitely not just "one more picture," but an honest attempt to convey through the motion picture medium something of the compassion, the earthy humor, the tenderness of those Ernie Pyle newspaper pieces which helped millions on the home front to a better understanding of the problems of our American fighting men.

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ANOTHER POND'S BRIDE-TO-BE—Shirleyan Gibbs' engagement was announced in May



SHIRLEYAN GIBBS HELPS A SOLDIER make a record to send home. She has been taking a special course in Occupational Therapy to fit her for work with convalescents in the hospital—bringing the patients cheery diversions like the record machine in the picture, teaching arts and crafts planned to re-educate stiff muscles. Many more girls and women are needed to help in this important work. Can't you volunteer in your community?



SHIRLEYAN'S COMPLEXION is one of her greatest charms—and the cream she uses to help guard its fresh "soft-smooth" look is Pond's!

Shirleyan Gibbs of Detroit

to wed James E. Scripps, Merchant Marine Officer



SHIRLEYAN'S RING is unusually lovely—a marquise diamond surrounded by small diamonds.

SOFTLY curling dark hair, wide-spaced, velvety-brown eyes, patrician clear-cut features—that is Shirleyan.

And her fine, smooth complexion has that clear, fresh satiny "Pond's look" you'll notice about so many engaged girls these days.

"I really love Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It's so soft and silky, and it does a perfectly grand cleansing job."

This is her quick Pond's Beauty Care . . .

She *smooths* on Pond's fluffy-soft Cold Cream generously. Pats it lightly all over her face and throat to help loosen dirt and make-up. Tissues off carefully.

She *"rinses"* with *more* Pond's, sliding cream-covered fingers all over her face with little spiral strokes. "It's this *extra* cleansing and softening that's so special," she

says. "Twice-over cleansing is just *twice* as good, I think."

Copy Shirleyan's beauty care with Pond's Cold Cream, every night and morning—for in-between clean-ups, too. It's no accident so many more women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

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GUIDE TO GLAMOR

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Beauty Aids To Put You A Step Ahead of the Fall Season

WITH the coming of Fall, there is that inevitable universal desire to do something with yourself—a new hair-do, a different, scintillating perfume, and a change of make-up for that bright Fall outfit. In tune with this idea we present some beauty aids.

Now September and spice go together nicely—and the spice is a saucy Varva scent called "Follow Me." This fragrance is translated into both toilet water and perfume for your pleasure.

Then for the bath there is "Sarong," presented by Matthew Products, Inc. It brings some of the magic and fragrance of tropical foliage into your bathroom. A small amount of the bubble bath fills the tub with iridescent bubbles, and gives you a sense of relaxation and royal luxury. It comes in a new package covered with languorous pink hibiscus and heavy green leaves.

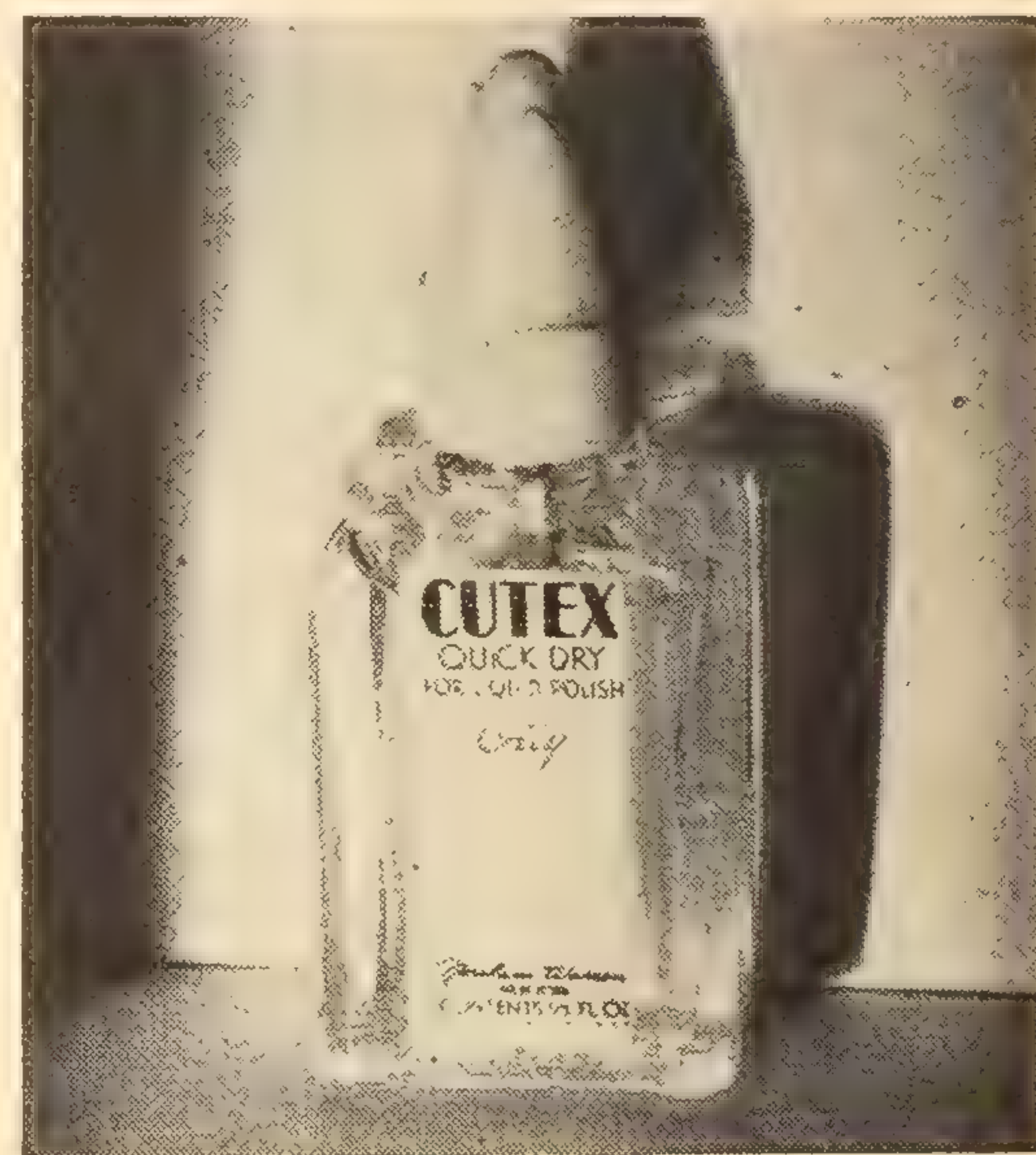
For your nail beauty, a new manicure product is now on the market. It's Oily-Quick Dry and is manufactured by Cutex. A colorless, transparent liquid designed to go on over your nail polish and cuticle, it can be applied as soon as you have finished polishing your ten fingers. Besides cutting the drying time down greatly, it protects your polish as well.

While we're on the subject of nails—there's a neat and quick way to shape your cuticles without cutting. It's a set consisting of a streamlined plastic Softol fountain shaper, and a bottle of Softol fluid liquidator for filling the barrel of the shaper. Press the tip of the shaper to the base of the nail, and release one drop of the fluid. Work it around the cuticles, wipe off and the job is done.

Summertime sun and activities have no doubt had some effect on your hair. Tintz cake shampoo is a first aid for brightening up locks that may have been dulled for the coming Fall and Winter season. This is a cake of fine soap which has hair coloring right in it. It comes in blonde, auburn, three shades of brown and black. It is not a dye, and will wash into your hair as it cleans and polishes.

The Westmores have a liquid cream foundation for that in-between complexion that results from a fading sunburn. Created by the three brothers, Perc, Wally, and Bud, it's Peach Buff Overglo, and is based on a lanolin and vegetable oil compound.

Another tip to smoother, softer skin is a delicate pink cream which doubles as a cleanser and emollient. It soothes, lubricates, and smooths. Hopper's Homogenized Facial Cream is the name.



Cutex Oily Quick-Dry, a new nail finish.

To the front for school girls comes Tussey's red lipsticks offered as gay companion pieces for the campus jacket, which takes its style cue from those worn on the battle front and by the flying forces. There is Jeep red, so called because of its bright, lively tone—Fighting red, a warm red shade, and Commando in the blue-red range, suggested for navy blue jackets. The lipsticks have rouge to match in both cream and compact form. The colors are such that girls out of school will like them too.

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Lana Turner

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To hear him whisper, "irresistible you!", try Woodbury Complete Beauty Cream, now. 10¢ to \$1.25, plus tax.



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...it's all you need!

How to Pick a Winner

Continued from page 27

only one way. There are the Pollyannas, or the brooders, or the supercilious pseudo-intellectuals. A great star has to be able to respond, emotionally, in all ways.

It's not necessary for an actress to be beautiful. Or an actor to be handsome. You don't have to possess the obvious qualities: regular features, a good figure. Somehow we are always led to believe that great beauty or handsomeness makes great screen stars. But go back to the early days of movies. Lillian Gish was not a raving beauty, but she was the great dramatic screen actress of her day. William S. Hart and Harry Carey weren't Greek gods. Mae Marsh, Gloria Swanson and Norma Shearer were not conventional beauties. Today, Bette Davis is not a raving beauty, nor Joan Fontaine, nor Lucille Ball. And yet they are all very fine actresses.

You don't have to be beautiful, but you do have to possess the *intelligent approach* to acting. Don't be a robot or a puppet. Teresa Wright is a wonderful example of a girl who has the intelligent approach. When she does a scene, she always wants to know what it is all about, from the *character's* point-of-view. Would this type of girl do that—and why? She has an interest in what she is doing in relation to the story. In "Shadow Of A Doubt," she could have walked through the picture without a question.

But there would have been an element missing. The element of understanding. A star has to understand the rôle she is playing before she can make it real to an audience.

That's one reason why Ingrid Bergman is such a great actress. She studies a rôle, reads the book—if the story originated from a book—studies people who are similar to the character she is playing. Ingrid does a great deal of research on a part before she brings her interpretation to the screen. For instance, in "Spellbound," where she plays a woman psychiatrist, she spent days with a woman psychiatrist, who practices here in Los Angeles. The more you go into the background of a rôle, the more convincing you can make it.

Tallulah Bankhead is another actress who wants to know what it is all about. I brought her out here to Hollywood, after she had been away for nine years, because I felt she would be perfectly cast in the rôle of the woman reporter in "Lifeboat." I always put the story first, so I would rather have a person cast perfectly and fit the story than to feature someone whose box office standing is temporarily high. Tallulah understood that character and was able to interpret that understanding by a multitude of minute things.

For it does no good to understand, to observe people similar to the character

you are portraying, if you don't know how to break down and analyze your observations. Supposing you were to play a nurse? How does a nurse walk? How does she take temperatures? How does she act in the sick room? In the operating room? Supposing she's tired? Her eyelids will be slightly lowered. Her shoulders won't be as straight. Her face will be more mask-like, less animated. It is such things as these that give a character authenticity, make you believe that nurse is tired to the point of exhaustion. This small thing weaves in with the story and makes you believe it. They are the tricks of acting which every actress must know.

As for appearance, the most important thing about a photogenic face is the bone structure. Not beauty, *bone structure*. The cheek bones should show fairly well. The face shouldn't be flat; it's better to have an angular face, one which shows interesting contours. The eyes shouldn't be too deep for then they become shadows. The nose should be fairly straight and not too big nor too little. A little nose is a great handicap because the smaller the features, the less strength the face possesses. The mouth should be full, because when the mouth moves, as in a smile, the whole indication of a personality is there. You shouldn't be too tall because the screen has a tendency to make people look taller. Some actresses, such as Rhonda Fleming and Ingrid Bergman, overcome their height because their personality overshadows it. But as a rule, about five feet three inches is right. As to figure, it is worse to be over-

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weight than underweight because the camera adds poundage.

But notice that nowhere here have I mentioned *beauty*. Beauty is not important. Nor is a perfect figure. An exaggerated bosom is a dull, elementary form of sex appeal. True sex appeal is a subtle thing, suggested by glances that tell much and promise much. A sensitive face has greater sex appeal than the most gorgeous figure in the world. Why the legend persists that Hollywood wants beautiful girls I'll never know. Few of our great actresses, our unusual actresses, have conventional prettiness. Is Katharine Hepburn "pretty?" Or Katina Paxinou? Or Lauren Bacall? Or Bette Davis?

That's why it is often difficult for talent scouts to pick winners. Sometimes they do, but many times they are looking for beauty, a certain sparkle, the obvious things, the external things. They forget that a star must have 75 per cent acting ability to 25 per cent beauty. If you see a girl in a restaurant, she may have a certain life and vivacity that attracts people to her. But often these same girls just "dry up" in front of the camera. A good example of this is Madeleine Carroll. When I first started with her in "39 Steps," she seemed a little wooden. In ordinary life, she was bright, clever, and intriguing. I asked myself, "Why can't I get that personality on film?" Gradually, I had to break her down, kid her, laugh with her, put her at her ease, *make her forget the camera*. You see, the job of acting is a mass of technique. Above all, an actress

needs the confidence that comes from great experience. To accumulate this experience you must play every part possible and play it naturally, with control, poise and an intelligent approach.

The three people I think will be the winners of tomorrow are Joan Tetzl, a newcomer you haven't heard much about yet but about whom you will hear before long; June Allyson, who has great depth of range and who has a tremendous personality; and my own daughter—Patricia Hitchcock. She won't let her Dad help her; she wants to be on her own. But, already, at fifteen, she has been in three plays, one on the New York stage.

I've been directing pictures for 20 years. My first star was Virginia Valli.



Donna Reed off on honeymoon with Tony Owen after completing her rôle in MGM's picture, "They Were Expendable."

But I still get a thrill whenever I stumble upon a winner. Joan Fontaine had just finished a musical with Fred Astaire when I cast her in "Rebecca," a picture that showed the world what a great actress she is and led to the Academy Award the next year in "Suspicion." Joseph Cotten had only been seen in "Citizen Kane" when I gave him the rôle of the handsome young killer in "Shadow Of A Doubt." Tallulah Bankhead hadn't been in Hollywood for nine years when I asked her to do "Lifeboat." Every one of these people gave memorable performances. Don't misunderstand me. I don't mean that a director makes a star. He helps them a bit, directs and guides them. Sometimes he has to tone them down, to keep them from acting all over the place. But it is no longer possible to make a star an actress by writing subtitles. Today, stars must know how to act. The director helps in that often he is able to lead them along the right paths. A director works with the great and the famous, the would-be's and the infamous. He knows—from long experience—what it takes to make a star.

That's why I feel my own Pat has greatness in her. I've been around too many winners not to know one when I see one—especially when she's right on the home front. After all, I might as well get in a plug! No use ignoring the brightest winner of all—just because she happens to be in the family!

Besides, how am I ever going to retire and raise chickens if Pat doesn't get started? We Hitchcocks have to stick together!

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Meet "My Faye"

Continued from page 25

producers absorbed every word. A finer, fairer tribute Faye has never received.

Changing her name to Mrs. Elliott Roosevelt wasn't a simple decision to make. Contrary to what her personal publicists might lead you to believe, Faye has never been an ambitious girl in that sense of the word. The gay, proud, authoritative Faye who deserted a San Diego stock company to become a Hollywood star, was born out of sheer necessity. First, there was an adored young son from a former marriage named William Crawford 3rd. (Faye calls him "Scoop.") He was to have his chance in life. Faye herself, lacking self-expression, turned to the one outlet for which she felt she had talent. Then too, she was lonely—lonely for the protection and companionship she failed to find in her first marriage. These prime requisites to share with the man she loved—these and these alone were the ambitions of the girl who married a President's son.

When Faye married Elliott, she knew she would become a target for unfair publicity. (That mismanaged episode in the life of "Blaze" is proof enough!) For herself she didn't mind. In Hollywood a movie star becomes conditioned to the world's barbed thrusts. But the name of Roosevelt has always been sacred to Faye. It represented a family, a tradition, a principle. Being interested in politics, she had campaigned for it. She had revered it and fought for it—long before she ever wildly dreamed that it might someday be her own. If there was one flaw in her new-found happiness, it was the fear that innocently it might have been made to look like she was capitalizing.

For example, right after her marriage her name went up in lights from coast to coast. In some of the theaters where she had star billings, Faye was only playing glorified bits.

"They were old pictures and it wasn't fair," says Faye. "For three years I've worked very hard. As long as I was in Hollywood, naturally I hoped to arrive at the top in my profession. I think I was ready for a certain recognition on my own. This isn't the way I wanted it to happen, but it *did* happen this way. I just wouldn't allow it to spoil my happiness. At least for as long as he is in service, Elliott has no objection to me remaining in pictures. So far, there has been no special effort made to give me the rôles I feel I am best suited for. If it happens from now on, naturally I'll do my best. If it doesn't, there are wonderful plans for the future that will more than compensate."

Those plans? They are not hers to divulge—not when the spoils of war play such an important part in completing the pattern. That new home in Beverly Hills still remains uncompleted. The original idea was to furnish it gradually. If and when Elliott did come home, it was to be ready and waiting. Just four months following their honeymoon, they met again at the White House. Little did they realize they were destined to meet so soon—this time to attend President Roosevelt's funeral.

Three hours after she received the heartbreaking news, Faye was flying to Washington. In grief as in love, she and Elliott shared together. From Washington they went to Palm Springs, sadness still in their eyes, Elliott wearing the black band of mourning. Then Faye returned to Warner Bros. to complete her rôle in "Danger Signal." Elliott remained on the set. Between scenes they managed a few precious moments together. Elliott, who has put in two years and ten months of overseas duty, returned to Washington to await his next assignment. Faye returned to the Beverly Hills home that still wasn't ready.

Once again they are looking forward to that day when Elliott will return, this time for keeps (they hope). Someday when dreams come true, they want a ranch. And horses. Elliott loves to ride. When her parents were divorced, Faye spent her childhood vacations on her father's ranch in Texas. There she also learned to love horses. They'd like a place by the sea. Just a small place by some distant sea where the peace is profound—where those children they hope to have, can live happy, healthy lives.

Since her marriage to Elliott Roosevelt, Faye has received thousands of letters—most of them kind, wishing her great happiness, congratulating Elliott for displaying rare judgment. There were the usual crank letters, too. Some threatening, leaving Faye a little sick inside. Sometimes a little afraid. The letters that pleased her most came from shop girls, salesladies, stenographers—the great cross section of this great American life.

"Dear Faye Emerson," they wrote. "Please don't ever change! We like your natural, friendly warmth. We like the way you have accepted the name of Roosevelt—the way you have handled all this publicity. You still married the man you love—which is most important of all. Please stay Faye Emerson, the girl we feel we know."

To those loyal and devoted admirers, the following story on Faye should prove she will never change. It was shortly after their marriage. Elliott had returned to England. Faye was still living out in San Fernando Valley—miles away from transportation and Beverly Hills. On this particular night when she needed her car the most, it naturally refused to work.

"I had an important dinner date to meet some friends of Elliott's," Faye muses. "It would have been too expensive to call a taxi. With gas rationing I didn't dare ask them to come way out and get me. So I did the only thing I could do—I hitchhiked!"

Down the roadway marched Mrs. Roosevelt. Anxious thumb half-circled mid-air at every passing car. Finally, she arrived at a little corner filling station. There, having a tire changed, sat a friendly-faced woman at the wheel of her car.

"Are you going over to Beverly Hills?" Faye inquired politely. The woman eyed

her prospective customer suspiciously. Satisfied she wasn't a lady gunman, the door opened, Faye got in.

"You certainly are brave," said her benefactress to Faye, as they wended through dark Coldwater Canyon. "Do you do this sort of thing often?"

Faye explained she felt sure she had seen the woman before. Finally Faye, who believes in asking questions when you want to know answers, asked her name.

"I'm Billie Burke," she answered. "I work in pictures."

"I'm Faye Emerson," answered the bride of Elliott Roosevelt. "I work in pictures, too."

They laughed and chatted all the way over to Beverly Hills.

There are many versions of the Emerson-Roosevelt romance. According to a feminine eye witness (who also was invited to meet Elliott Roosevelt) the true story is as follows. Such beauteous belles as Ava Gardner, Maria Montez (to name a few) had been asked to dinner by an enterprising host. On this occasion every girl present was done to the teeth; that is, all but one—Faye Emerson.

It was all very well and good to have lovely ladies to look at. But suppose Elliott Roosevelt might also like to talk! That's when the host thought of Faye, who is never at a loss for words. The heroine of this American romance happened to have a date. Meeting important people (who usually turned out to be bores) was no novelty to her. Finally Faye agreed to come in later. She was seated at Elliott's left. She wore all black and it wasn't new. There were no jewels, no lacquered hair-do, no bows coming out of her ears. At the last moment she pinned fresh gardenias on the back of her close-fitting hat. "Sheer inspiration" is the way she refers to it today. How little she realized at the time that this was to be the turning point of her life!

Elliott talked to Faye and Faye listened. Faye talked to Elliott and Elliott listened. The ladies of the evening did a slow burn. Darling little imaginary daggers shot out in Faye's direction. She was completely oblivious to it all. Months later she went to New York on a vacation. Elliott was there too. Both happened to have the same mutual friends. They met again and again. To Faye, Elliott suddenly took on a personal importance. To Elliott, Faye seemed to be the *only* girl in New York City. Elliott returned to his duties. Faye came home to Hollywood. There were letters, a few wires, an occasional phone call—when he could get through. Last December Elliott flew back on business. Once again they were thrown together.

There was no time for a trousseau. Faye was working hard on "Hotel Berlin." Elliott managed to get a few moments to plan their wedding. Her bridal suit of "Eleanor Blue" Faye had fitted between bites at lunch time. The studio gave her three days off. (Faye wasn't overwhelmed with their generosity!) Standing on Grand Canyon's magnificent rim, they repeated their vows and exchanged plain gold wedding



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And so a new life began for the lonely little girl who grew up with vision and dreams. The same little girl who shinnied up a telegraph pole to assert her independence, who married a President's son. Only in this great democracy could it happen. And it couldn't happen to a nicer girl. Today, Faye is like any other war wife, trying to keep herself busy, planning and hoping for that day when her husband will come home. In the meantime there are letters.

Settling herself down with pen in hand has always been a dreaded task. But Faye has never missed writing a single day. Elliott's letters to Faye are sacred. When she's working she takes them to the studio. She reads them repeatedly while she eats her lunch. Observers in the Warner Bros. Green Room (and there are many) have seen Faye turn a pretty pink as she turns the pages.

In "Danger Signal," Faye returns to her lovely brunette self. She likes her hair dark. Needless to say Elliott does too. Never considered a beauty, Faye's magnificent bone structure, those fantastic facial planes, have won their way to many a sculptor's heart.

Facing the camera, making speeches, selling bonds, appearing at the Hollywood Canteen, just generally facing the public has never been a problem. After all, Faye had three years in little theaters before she became a Hollywood star. But the first time she met Bette Davis, she froze in her tracks. It's always been that way when she meets a personal favorite. Darned if she can get over it!

Recently, "Harriet" played at the Los Angeles Biltmore Theater. A mutual friend took Faye backstage to meet Helen Hayes. Inside herself Faye kept saying, "Now I'm not going to be nervous. I'm just going to relax and say the right things." (She fervently hoped.)

Introductions were made. Faye felt her tummy going through the floor. Miss Hayes looked at her intently. Faye grew more self-conscious. Miss Hayes hesitated, deciding if she wanted to say what was on her mind.

"You're different than I expected," she began. "You're so—you're—that is—you look—"

"I know," interrupted Faye hurriedly. "I look entirely different without my studio makeup. I look like—plain Jane."

"You look so young," Miss Hayes finished. "Why, you're little more than a girl."

Faye doesn't exactly remember how she got out of the dressing room. She believes she floated.

There are no phobias, no inhibitions in the life of Faye Emerson. She's well-balanced, healthy, humorous and completely without malice. That is, with one special exception. She has never forgotten the prissy little girl she played with as a child. They both had a crush on the same little boy. Faye, masking her true feelings, matched him eye to eye at marbles and baseball. The other little girl, pretending to be helpless and feminine, won out. It was a hurt that left its mark. It was Faye's first realization that people don't always play fair.

"He was the first and last 'beau' I ever lost," says Faye with a twinkle. "That is, unless I *wanted* to lose him."

On her birthday Faye was awakened by her doorbell. A special delivery airmail letter! The name in the upper left hand corner made her heart chase itself up and down her spine. Enclosed was a snapshot of Elliott standing by the nose of his new plane. There was a grin on his face that reached from ear to ear. In large visible letters was the plane's name. Elliott had christened it "My Faye." Those two words tell the story.



The girl in Harry James' arms is Maureen O'Hara—for picture purposes only! They're playing rôles in 20th Century-Fox's forthcoming musical, "Kitten On The Keys."

Elizabeth Taylor and the King

Continued from page 34

sible," I thought to myself, "at *that* age?"

And then suddenly I heard who King Charles was. He is the grandson of Man O' War and he is the horse that Elizabeth rode in "National Velvet." This story is mostly about King Charles and some about Elizabeth.

When MGM were about ready to make the picture, "National Velvet," trouble in large chunks seemed to be looming in the immediate offing. King Charles, it developed, was a terrific jumper but he was no gentleman. He had a passionate desire to bite a large slab of meat out of any groom who came near him, and he threw wranglers high into the air in beautiful parabolas whenever they had the temerity to climb onto his back. He put them over the partition if they came into his stall and he devised cute little tricks to get them in front of him out in the open where he could cave-in their ribs with his fore feet. And so the producers and directors at MGM were in a dither. No other horse could take a stone wall, sailing over it like a bird in flight, as could King Charles. He fitted the part—looks, action, everything. But The King wasn't having any of the deal. He just wanted to be left alone in his stall where he could brood upon his royal ancestry in peace.

Well, you know how directors are. Something had to be done and at once. The sets were ready, the technicians were ready, everything was ready. The question was: would this blood-proud equine let Elizabeth Taylor get upon his back? And then, to bring matters into complete chaos somebody discovered that Elizabeth, who was to star in the picture, was missing. People were sent scurrying all over the lot. They hunted in the commissary, in the still department, in the hairdresser's room—everywhere. Mr. Pandro Berman, the producer, and Mr. Clarence Brown, the director, started screaming and people, standing around biting their fingernails, turned pale. Everyone knows that it is a terrible thing to get a producer and a director upset, especially at the beginning of a picture. There is absolutely no telling what might happen.

And then a lowly wrangler, flinching nervously, happened to pass King Charles' stall and glance in—and promptly swallowed his chewing tobacco. There, with her arms about the outlaw's neck, was Elizabeth. The King was standing, docile as a plow-horse, and slobbering with happiness. To this day the wrangler says the horse looked at him and sneered.

Afterward studio officials, Elizabeth's mother, everybody, asked her how she had found the courage to go into the stall with that vicious animal, and she replied that he wasn't any more vicious than they were. He was just lonely for someone who understood him.

Then came the problem of whether or not The King would allow Elizabeth to ride him. She had trained hard, of course, on the hacks which the studio furnished; but she had never been on the back of the grand-son of Man O' War. Grooms

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Which proverb applies here?

- ☐ All that glitters is not gold
- ☐ Handsome is as handsome does
- ☐ Beauty is only skin deep

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led him out of the stall, keeping at a safe distance, and a saddle was cinched on. And then began a scene which was as good as any in the picture to come. King Charles went over hurdles, he cantered, he fox-trotted, he did everything in the book. The horse seemed to have fallen under a spell.

As we talked it wasn't going to be so easy, I found, to get Elizabeth off the subject of *The King*. But when I mentioned her future, the parts she hopes to do, her small, expressive face sobered. "Well," she said, "I'd like to do 'Peter Pan.' And I'm looking forward to more pictures like 'Velvet' where I can ride *The King* over jumps again. Oh, you just ought to see him when he approaches a hurdle or a stone wall! He gathers himself and suddenly we're in the air, soaring. He has never been in a real race, you see, except the one in the picture, and sometimes I feel sad because it seems he's being denied his heritage. But I try to make that up by the love I give him. *The King* is so wonderful."

Well, there we were again, figuratively if not literally, back on the horse. "Look, Elizabeth," I said, "I know that *The King* is everything you say. He's beautiful, and he has more sense than most people. But you must have other interests. After all, you can't sleep and eat with him."

"Oh, but I do," she exclaimed, opening her eyes very wide. "Every day *The King* and I have lunch together in his stall. I don't eat oats, of course," she added with her elfin little smile, "but mother puts up a box lunch for me when I'm working at the studio, and I go out and eat it with *The King*. I take a bite of sandwich and he has a mouthful of grain and then we talk to each other."

"Elizabeth," I expostulated, "you don't mean to say that you visit with that horse?"

"But of course I do," she said, as though surprised at my abysmal ignorance. "He understands everything I say."

Well, what can you do with a girl like that? I asked her if she had other pets.

"Oh, yes," she said. "There are Jack and Jill, the cats, Punch and Judy, the parakeets, three dogs, a cocker spaniel, a springer and an English retriever, and two horses. There are three horses now,"

she added with her happiest smile. "You see, the studio gave me *The King* on my thirteenth birthday."

"That's certainly swell of the studio," I said hastily. "Didn't I hear something about a few chipmunks, too, in your menagerie?"

"Yes, five chipmunks. Nibbles is the smartest one. He used to bite me when I first got him, but he responded to kindness just like any other animal will if you give him enough of it. That's the only reason there are any vicious horses or dogs. They're afraid, and they protect themselves in the only way they know—by fighting back. Nothing can withstand love."

"You mean that, Elizabeth?" I asked. "Even people?"

"Even people," she said soberly. "Though sometimes I think they are less susceptible to love than other animals. Now *The King*—"

"You bet," I broke in quickly. "I believe that. Now tell me about boys. Don't they flock around your house and call you on the phone?"

"Boys," she said making a small face. "They do it all the time. One of them disguises his voice so he sounds like a bull frog with a bad cold, and says he is Mr. Louis B. Mayer."

She threw back her head and young laughter bubbled forth. "He just makes himself silly. Other boys, too. They write me love letters that I never read. That's one nice thing about horses—they can't write."

Although Elizabeth began riding at the age of four, curiously enough it was not her ability as an equestrienne which won her a chance in the movies. It was her voice. Mrs. John Considine happened to hear her sing and, astonished at the full, soaring tones which literally filled the room, immediately took her to the MGM studio where fountain pens were produced and a contract proffered. However, her mother, Sara Southern Taylor, mindful of a promise that she had previously made Cheever Cowdin of Universal, wired him from London of the offer which Metro had made. He replied at once that he would up the proposed arrangement. Accordingly the MGM contract was regretfully declined, after a family consultation, and Elizabeth went to Universal. There, because she was



On the set with Clark Gable and Greer Garson—who wouldn't like that? Keenan Wynn and Greer's mother catch up with the stars between scenes of "This Strange Adventure."

physically so small, she waited in idleness for a part and at the end of a year went back to MGM.

"National Velvet," the English novel, had been a studio property for something like nine years, during which time Pandro Berman had been searching for the right girl to take the part of *Velvet*. Hearing of this and entranced at the possibilities for riding which the picture would offer, Elizabeth presented herself to Mr. Berman and asked that she be given a chance. The producer was dubious. "Child," he said, "you're too little."

"But Mr. Berman," she said eagerly, "I can grow."

Mr. Berman was impressed. "I'm almost willing to believe it," he said, "even if you've got only about three months to grow in. I'll wait and see."

And then something like a miracle occurred. In three months Elizabeth grew almost three inches. Practical materialists are inclined to find the answer in lots of nourishing food and out-door exercise, but Elizabeth calmly asserts that an all-wise Providence had a hand in the matter. "I just prayed that I would grow tall enough and I did," she says. "And I didn't worry about it, either. I think the Lord takes care of those things—if they're good for you."

The result of this faith-and-sunshine business was that when next tested Elizabeth got the part, though Mr. Berman still looks bewildered when you ask him about it. "She says it was faith that shot her up nearly three inches in that little while," he says. "I myself have an idea that sheer will power had something to do with it."

"National Velvet" was not Elizabeth's first picture, although in her own mind that is where her career really started. She appeared first in "Lassie Come Home," which made quite a considerable dent in the public consciousness. She was then loaned to Fox for the production, "Jane Eyre," in which she had a very small part. This was followed by "White Cliffs Of Dover," in which Elizabeth had another slight rôle. And then came "National Velvet" and Elizabeth mounted the horse which should have been named Pegasus because he bids fair to carry her far.

Vital statistics, I suppose, are necessary for those who must have vital statistics, though they seem dull and earth-bound for such an ethereal spirit. She was born thirteen years ago in London, the daughter of Francis and Sara Southern Taylor. She was educated in Byron House and MGM's studio school, coming to America five years ago. She is four feet eleven inches tall and gets along beautifully with her one brother, Howard, who is fifteen.

When I got up to go she said: "How would you like to have lunch some day with The King and me?"

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, "I don't know. Maybe The King wouldn't like me very well. Maybe he'd be jealous."

She laughed. "Oh, I'll fix it up with him. You come."

At that, it might not be such a bad idea, having lunch with The King. I've done it with less admirable creatures. And then, I'm crazy about the kid even if she does talk mostly about a horse.



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That Unpredictable John Dall

Continued from page 51

"A year or so later I tried again. This time I made it and became one of her players. For years after that I played in her companies and others like it. Little theaters in New Orleans, Maine, Massachusetts, New Hampshire, Virginia, New York and all points east, west, north and south. Without any training at all I could have qualified for the job of a train caller at Grand Central Station.

"It was wonderful experience. It was fun, too. We did everything, traveled everywhere. In one stretch of 52 weeks we gave 600 performances and covered 28,000 miles. One night we gave a performance in the National Theater in Washington and the next night in some farmer's barn. The only time we had a chance to relax was on the stage.

"Then suddenly I realized I was having too much fun and that in spite of all our hard work we were still amateurs. I knew I had to get away, and fast, unless I wanted to spend my life in repertory. That's when I went to New York and took a job in Macy's selling pajamas to support myself while I tried to get an in on Broadway.

"That job lasted two days and it was just as well that I was fired because it didn't give me any chance to canvas managers' offices. After that I worked as a truck driver, an elevator man, an usher, a waiter, any job at all that I could do nights and have my days free.

"At first it was exciting, but that phase soon wore out. Pounding Broadway day after day isn't much fun. I'd always been the bean-pole type, too thin for my height, but I lost more weight in those months. When I finally landed a small part in 'Janie' I really couldn't believe it was true.

"It wasn't, as things turned out. After three performances the stage manager gave me my notice. That was before I'd really learned that an actor has to have a pretty hard shell and can't indulge in being sensitive, for after I'd listened to his reasons I was convinced everything about me was wrong, not only for that part but for the theater in general.

"The hardening process began then and there. After a week of mental torment I went back and, swallowing my pride, talked him into giving me a walk on part. The salary wasn't enough to live on so I got a walk on in the revival of 'RUR' too, traveling from one theater to another, changing from a robot costume to a G.I. uniform and then back again.

"My favorite play that year was Maxwell Anderson's 'Eve Of St. Mark,' and when I heard they were casting for the Chicago company I saw the show again a couple of times and memorizing the lead part, I called for an appointment to see the director. In my excitement I arrived much too early and the manager was late. I waited a long time and as I sat there I felt my thoughts churning inside of me. *I know I'm too tall. I know I'm too thin. You have to give me a reading.* I couldn't think of anything else and when the man finally arrived I blurted out what I'd been thinking. It paid dividends though. I got the job."

It was when John was playing that part he got the call from Warner Brothers and at the end of the play's run made the trek to Hollywood. It sounded wonderful on paper but it didn't work out that way. He was on contract, but they didn't have a part for him. For nine months he did nothing.

"It was the worst period of my life," John said. "I almost went crazy. The studio thought I was crazy too when I use to go there begging them at least to allow me to assist in making tests. They couldn't understand that I should feel the way I did since I was being paid.

"I was new to Hollywood and didn't know anyone. The only thing that helped at all was the little house I'd rented. It was on a mountain and it did wonderful things for the ego, looking down on Hollywood.

"It was when I'd decided to go back to New York I heard that Warners were going to start work on 'The Corn Is Green.' I met a woman who was playing in the stage production in Los Angeles and asked her to teach me Welsh. I learned one phrase and then went to the producer asking him to test me for the part, telling him I was Welsh.

"He asked me to say something in Welsh and I repeated my phrase which, of course, neither of us understood. I waited a while after that and then hearing nothing, rented my house and packed. I sent my trunks on to New York and the day before I was to leave I got a call from the studio to take the test."

John didn't know it then, but his luck had changed. As soon as the picture was finished he was called back to New York to play the lead in "Dear Ruth."

He loves the part and only one thing could tear him away from it, a part he liked even better, which makes it probable that John will soon be packing his bags again with Warners paging him madly to play the young Scotch soldier in "The Hasty Heart."

When "The Corn Is Green" opened on Broadway, John saw himself on the screen for the first time. He didn't relish the experience. "It was like being stripped in Times Square at high noon," he insists. "The stage is easier that way. You can't see yourself acting."

Even the rave reviews couldn't make him change his mind about himself. He still insists there are so many things he would have liked to change if he could.

Having his name up in lights on two theaters in New York hasn't changed young Dall any. He's still the exuberant youngster who loves circuses, Coney Island, hot dogs and candy cotton better than anything in the world except acting. He likes that best of all. On days when he has no matinee you can often see him in the subway scene in "On The Town," the musical in which one of his favorite girls, Nancy Walker, is starred. Broadway can't get over it. It's the first time in its history an actor starred in one play, has taken a walk-on rôle in another. And all for free, too, plus an insatiable love for acting that makes John the vivid, exciting performer he is.

Closeup of a Coming Star

Continued from page 38

She's five-feet, seven inches tall. Hair of honey blonde, eyes blue and very frank. Smooth marble complexion. Yes, she's very pretty. Wears little make-up—a bit of lipstick and pale nail polish. She's rabid on the subject of deep shades of polish.

Angela was born in London. Both parents were of the theater and she drank in this atmosphere from birth. Dislike of mathematics changed the whole course of her life. She decided to drop regular schooling and start her theatrical training. Luckily, she won a scholarship at an English dramatic school. After one year's study came the London blitz. Angela and her twin brothers, four years younger, were bundled off to America with six hundred other refugee children.

They docked at New York in August, 1940. She was just fourteen. More determined than ever to become an actress, she summoned her courage and went to the Fagan School in New York, told them her story, and they presented her with a two-year scholarship in drama. She was graduated in 1942.

She made her first professional appearance when her mother took the family to Montreal to come into the United States on the Canadian quota. As an example of *perfect timing*, it was the dynamic Fritzi Sheff who took her under her wing and prepared her for her audition. An expert, Fritzi taught her various angles of showmanship along with singing and dancing.

Angela made the audition and won a six weeks' contract to sing in a swanky Montreal café, earning \$60 per week. She was billed as a famous radio star and made a terrific hit. Her special song, "All The Things You Are," was repeated again and again each night in response to encores.

She has the natural English reserve, is self-assured and poised. Her voice is lovely and has unusual carrying quality. She's observing but not critical. Lives in a hill-top house with her mother and brothers, an exceptionally congenial family. There are two dogs, a pomeranian and a cocker spaniel. Also, two pet cats which were given to her while making "Gaslight." She named them Ingrid and Charles.

She loves to cook and knows how, too. Can whip up a better meal under the stress of impromptu guests than with hours of leisure.

She treasures a review of "Gaslight" which said, "Angela Lansbury gave a performance worthy of a troupier twice her age."

She was scheduled to make "The Picture Of Dorian Gray" as her first film. Then one day George Cukor, who was casting "Gaslight," glimpsed her and suddenly asked, "Can you speak Cockney?" Angela laughed. Imitating Cockney was her favorite sport. He gave her a test. Time passed and she gave up hope. One morning Mr. Cukor sent for her and as she entered his office he called her *Nancy*. She knew the coveted rôle was hers—the Big Opportunity had arrived!

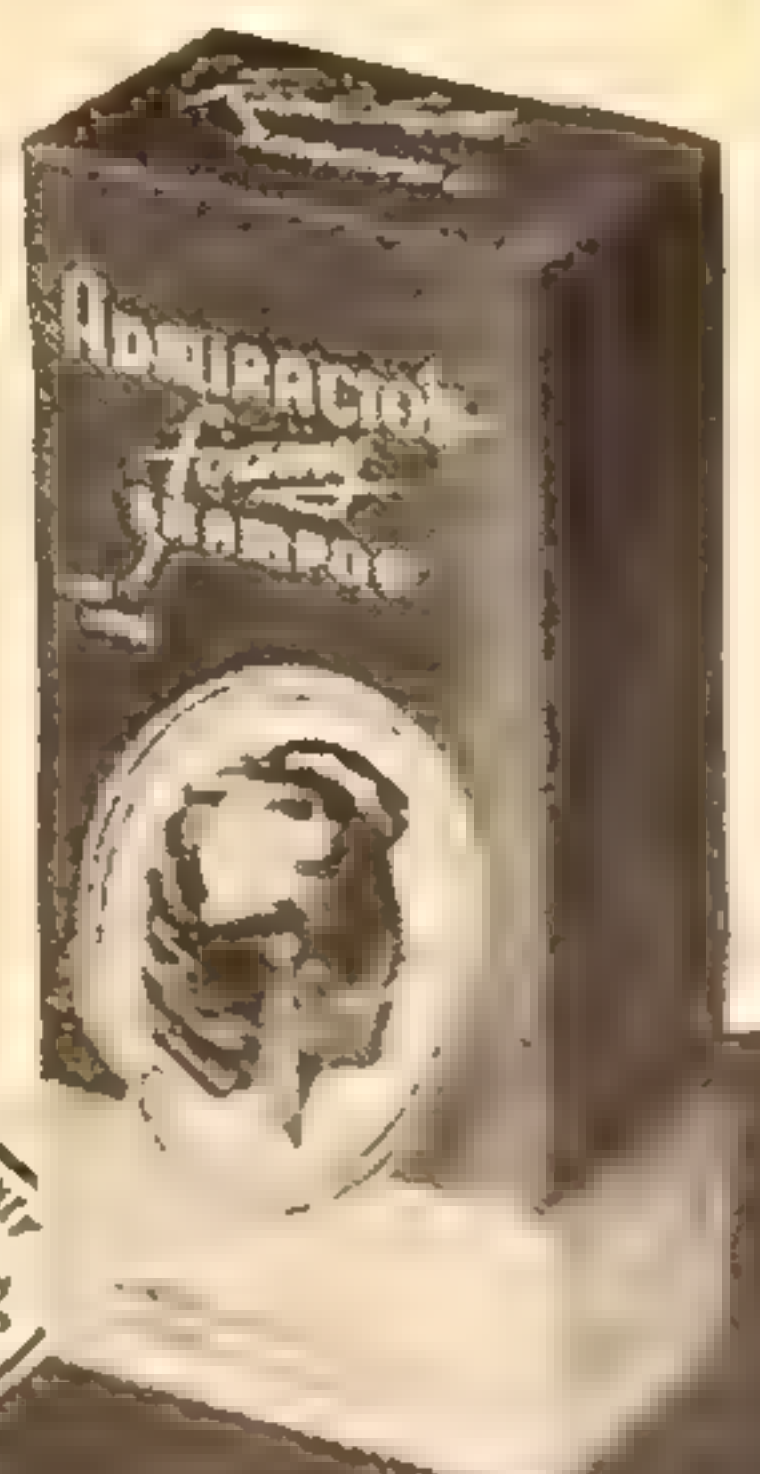


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She's glad she had George Cukor for her first picture, for she believes he has an uncanny understanding of feminine emotions.

So far, romance hasn't disturbed her and there's never been anyone in particular, just a few casual crushes that died before they really started. She's in no hurry for love, she's too busy building a career.

Drives a tan coupe which she washes and polishes herself. Off come her shoes the minute she steps into the car and she drives in her stocking feet. In fact, she claims this as her worst fault: kicking off her shoes wherever she is. Despite hectic moments in retrieving wandering pumps, she's never broken herself of this habit. Admits she hasn't tried very hard.

She's not superstitious, yet faithfully follows one family tradition. She wears a tiny bow of blue georgette tucked in the front of her bra during her big moments. It was with her in her three films and is again on hand for "The Harvey Girls." It is fashioned of material from a gown her mother wore in her most triumphant play. Also, she had it on when she first met Angela's father. The daughter likes to feel this little symbol carries a special blessing.

Angela is the youngest character actress on the screen. She wants to continue playing different characters so audiences won't be surfeited with repeats. She believes this helps build a lasting career.

Usually she has a deck of cards tucked in her purse. In leisure moments she indulges in the old game of Patience. The Lansburys play contract as a family foursome, not too expertly, but with much merriment.

She's punctual. Has definite opinions but refuses to argue because this creates misunderstandings. She avoids discord

and confusion. Is inclined to be orderly but not excessively so.

She weighs 130 pounds and vows she'll never top this. Counts her calories at a glance, likes ice cream but passes up pastries.

She likes to sleep, but not before midnight. Sleeping seems a waste of time before that hour. Reads in bed but never lunches. She hates crumbs. Sleeps in a single bed, has the windows wide open and plenty of covers. She dreams of owning an extra-size bed someday, so she can stretch out and always find a cool spot. Sleeps late when not working. Otherwise, she's up at five and no complaints. Anything her career demands is okay with her.

Says her mother is her inspiration. Together they study her dialogue, analyze the drama so thoroughly that she knows everything about the character she is playing. Too, her mother is Angela's best friend. They are amazingly alike in temperament and emotional reactions. They respond to the same brand of humor. Which is the surest test of congeniality.

She has a cup of strong black tea on awakening. Does a repeat several times a day. Plays tennis, swims, and is a great reader. Likes to dance but complains that night club floors are too crowded.

Calls her mother *Darling*. Bridget being Angela's middle name, mother shortens it endearingly to *Bidsie*. But woe to anyone else who dares use this pet name.

Someday she wants to marry and have a large family. However, she believes it is a mistake for an actress to marry too young. It divides her interests. Both marriage and career mean possession of emotions, energies and time. An actress must be well equipped to play this dual rôle successfully.



Cornel Wilde and Jeanne Crain, on location for "Leave Her To Heaven," take time out to enjoy the scenic beauty of Bass Lake. What, no fish?

The noted actor, Robert Mantell, was her great uncle. Her late grandfather was the Right Honorable George Lansbury, First Commissioner of Works in England. She was reared in the tradition of both the theater and politics.

She loves America and Hollywood and the movies. The family have taken the first steps toward becoming United States citizens. Angela intends to know what she's voting for when the time comes.

She's not temperamental, moody, high-strung or restless. Her mother never let her indulge in these qualities and she was told to snap out of them. But quick!

Her personal philosophy, briefly, is that despite disappointments, if one knows exactly what she wants, and never loses the vision, she will win her goal. She believes there's a law that controls this.

She sleeps in a frilly nightie. Her extravagance is lingerie. She can't resist it, especially if it is made of satin and is hand-embroidered. Admits she's becoming more and more clothes-conscious. Is delighted with the pretty frocks she wears in "The Harvey Girls." These have the stamp of the year 1898 but she thinks they are lovely and most becoming.

Every thought she has swings back to acting. This is the theme song of her very existence. To her, success and happiness are synonymous and she hopes to go on acting as long as she lives.

She believes England is more loyal to her favorites than America. Was distressed to discover many former film players have taken the count and are forgotten. This doesn't happen over there. Once a success, an actress goes on indefinitely. And with honors.

She doesn't like parlor games; women smoking on the street; slacks with high heeled shoes; rudeness of any kind.

She loves people. Especially, those in the movies, and she loves the way they talk "shop." Thinks it inspiring. Doesn't care much for jewelry. Is susceptible to colors and believes their vibrations influence one's moods. Prefers gray and blue—gray for suits, blue for dresses. White for sportswear.

Angela plays the piano beautifully, having studied since she was six. Next to acting, she loves music. Considers the voice a powerful agent. It can reflect every shade of emotion and an actress should never cease learning how to use it. Between pictures, she's at the studio every day, studying drama, singing and dancing. She has few idle moments.

Hates anything blatant or conspicuous. Such as brass bands, splashy colors, rasping voices; laughter that's too loud. She doesn't like hats, but always wears stockings.

She doesn't have to be on the go all the time but is happy in her own congenial home. Loafs in the patio and loves to lie in the sun.

There's a sprinkling of tiny freckles dotting her cheeks and forehead, which adds piquancy to her heart-shaped face.

She hopes she'll never become cynical or intolerant or discontented, for these mental states eat up happiness. For above all else, Angela Lansbury wants to be happy.

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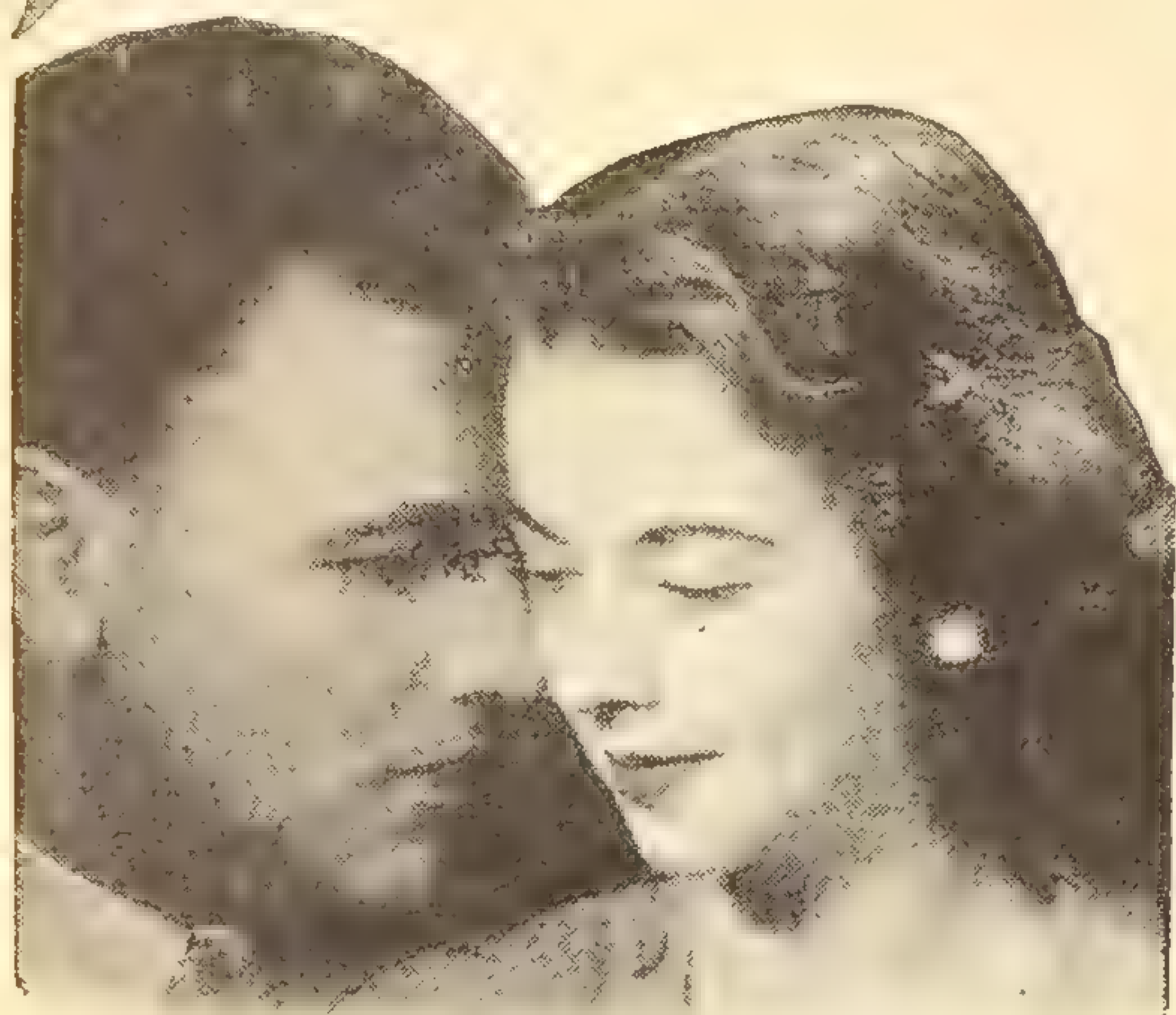


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This Is What I Believe

Continued from page 45

PRAYERS. I don't pray formally, but in my daily life I pray constantly. Hoping sincerely and fervently is a form of prayer. Wishing is a form of prayer. I pray also to myself and my own ability to do things. God never expected any of us to lean back and say, "God, please do this for me." "God helps those that help themselves."

WAR. Many of our beliefs have been shaken by current happenings. With so many people being killed in this war, one asks oneself continually, "Why?" We have to admit that the world as a whole must have had this war coming to it and needed this terrible lesson. There has been too much hate in the world. If as a result of this war everybody would stop hating then every bayonet would be worth its deadly price. But how can you take greed, vanity and hate—which caused the war—out of all human beings? As long as we have that deadly trinity, there will be war.

That doesn't mean that we should sit back and do nothing at the peace table. We need not say, "Because of that we'll have another war in twenty years. There's nothing we can do about it." If we make the right kind of peace, we can help human beings to get the habit of getting along together. I believe the solution lies completely within man himself. We must progress as human beings—only then will wars cease.

To those who suffer a personal loss in this war, I can offer no pat clichés. The only consolation I can think of for those who have lost sons or husbands or sweethearts in the war is that those men were happier doing the job required of them than they would have been shirking. So much for my larger beliefs.

WORK. I think everyone should have some work to do. People boil down to two classes—those who have responsibilities and those who have none. To those who have none, nothing much will ever happen. Those who have responsibilities and meet them become progressively finer people.

I believe in doing your job well, but in not expecting too much from other people. I believe that you can stifle people with intolerance and impatience. I am completely intolerant of two things, slowness at work and inefficiency. I have learned, however, to try not to show my intolerance, for I have discovered that many people do things better in their own way.

SUCCESS. Success is the thing we all try to achieve, but many people don't use their success to help other people. And that is the way in which I believe success should be used.

I have sometimes been complimented because I'm nice to actors or actresses in my pictures. There was a time when actresses, filled with jealousy, would demand that the work of other players be cut because those players had stolen scenes. I think this is no longer true. To demand that a good actor's scenes be cut because you fear their competition is a terrible admission of lack of security. If you have any faith

in your own talent, then there is room for everybody to be put up against you; besides a good performance alongside yours makes yours so much better.

Incidentally, I must admit that I resent people who get opportunities for which they are not qualified. I am not particularly kind to them, because I keep thinking of the waste of that opportunity. As regards the person who could use this opportunity to go on to better things.

People talk about the price of success—and there is a price. The one big price you pay is a 24 hour spotlight. There are times when you would gladly scrap all your fame for a few days just to have a little privacy. I remember arriving at Nantucket Island two years ago, thinking that on that remote island I would be unnoticed. I was wrong. A mob was waiting for me at the boat.

I can understand perfectly the public's interest in movie stars, and most of the time I enjoy being recognized as Bette Davis. I myself have an interest in well-known people. If Garbo lived next door to me, I would be interested in what she was doing; I would get excited about it. If you are someone whose face is known you can tell yourself, "I'm a target for the rest of time. No matter what I do, people will be curious."

I am not complaining about this. I am tired of weeping and wailing celebrities, who talk unhappily about the price of fame. Being in the spotlight 24 hours a day is the only bad feature of being a well-known actress. But if you love your work—and I do—you are glad to pay the price for the pleasure of acting.

Suppose then you have your work, and have achieved a measure of success at it. You still want friends, love and happiness outside your work. The important point to remember is that you must give in order to get.

FRIENDSHIP. Sometimes you hear people complaining, "I have so few friends." These people usually sit back and make no gesture toward winning friends. Such a woman once complained to a Southern woman who was a very generous hostess and to whose home people flocked because she made them feel wanted, "I wish I had as many friends as you have. People don't want to come to my house." Said that very wise Southern woman, "You must earn the desire of people to want to come to your house. You can't expect them to want to come if you give nothing of yourself to them."

Some people who claim they want to win friends are not really telling the truth. They merely want possession of other people. They want to be able to say, "I have fifty friends."

It is very easy to have a house full of these kind of friends if you serve good liquor and good food, but that doesn't mean it will be full of real friends.

ADVICE TO FRIENDS. It is usually better to be tactful rather than brutally frank. Honesty can be a fetish. A brutally honest person can become a spectacular character but wreck people's

lives. I like the remark which Dr. Bert Frohman, the psychoanalyst, made to one of his patients, "Never take something away from a person unless you can give him something in its place that is just as good or better than what you have taken away." Thus, it is ridiculous for a director to say to an actress, "Your performance stinks," unless he can tell how to improve it.

CAREER-AND MARRIAGE. I once said in an interview that career women should be shot. I still believe that as human beings, career women are not the most fun in the world, that they are not the most delightful human beings to live with. To be born with ambition and to be a woman at the same time is sad. Professional women can't ignore their personal lives—they require personal lives as much, perhaps even more than other women do.

Sometimes, though not often, a woman is offered a clear-cut choice between a career and marriage to the man she loves. I was offered such a choice when I was twenty-one. I was thinking of marrying. I was given an engagement ring. My beau said, "You must choose. If you marry me you will have to give up your career." Two days later I gave the ring back to him. I still feel that his ultimatum was unfair, that it is not right to demand of any woman that she choose between her career and marriage. However, I do not believe that a woman offered this ultimatum, who really desires a career, could give it up for any man, no matter how much she loved him.

MORALS. I believe in the double

standard of morals. This is one privilege a man will always expect, whether women want it that way or not. I have talked to many men with the armed forces who are far away from their women, and they have all expressed the same point of view. Every man expects complete fidelity from his wife. On the other hand, women cannot expect men who are overseas for two or three years to be faithful to them all that time. This is nothing for women to brood about or break up their homes for. I do not believe that any woman should ever break up a home because of infidelity on her husband's part, as long as what happens doesn't hurt their relationship, the thing that exists between them.

I believe in being a realist. Regardless of whether people feel that the double standard is right or wrong, it exists. And a girl who flouts that standard generally creates unhappiness for herself.

HAPPINESS. Nobody's life can be in every way a happy life. We shouldn't expect that. Nobody has everything he wants. Most happily married women who don't work outside their homes want a career. The career woman looks at the homemaker and says, "I wish I could lead her life."

If you are a real career woman the desire nags at you and you have to follow where your drive leads you. You don't necessarily think this career will bring you the greatest happiness. But regardless of what it brings you, it's the thing you have to do. If you are ambitious, a career in some ways is misery, for you are never satisfied. It never

quite lives up to your aspirations for it.

AGE. No woman, I believe, should be unhappy about admitting her age. No woman should be afraid of growing older. People only begin to make sense after they are thirty. I'd like to be 27 and know what I know at 37, but that is obviously impossible. When I was 20, I thought 37 was the end of life. Now I realize that life doesn't begin or end at any particular age.

I think it is particularly stupid for a professional woman to lie about her age, because it is so easy to find out the truth. Often you read in the newspapers that two famous people have married, and that the woman has given her age as 28, and the man his as 32. Everyone knows that the man is nearer 28, and the woman is nearer 38. They are laughed at for their pains in giving fake ages. Since I would not like to be laughed at, I would rather tell the truth.

All this Hollywood fabrication about one's age belongs to the period when movie heroines were all supposed to be young and divine. I don't believe that the matter of your age is so very important anymore, professionally. It is your age you seem to be that counts—and that has nothing to do with actual years.

To a large extent, I believe that our lives are created by ourselves. Of course, we are influenced by outside circumstances, but in general, we do have a large amount of free choice of our way of life.

To sum up the essence of my beliefs: I think that in every department or phase of life, every individual gets what he gives to that particular phase.

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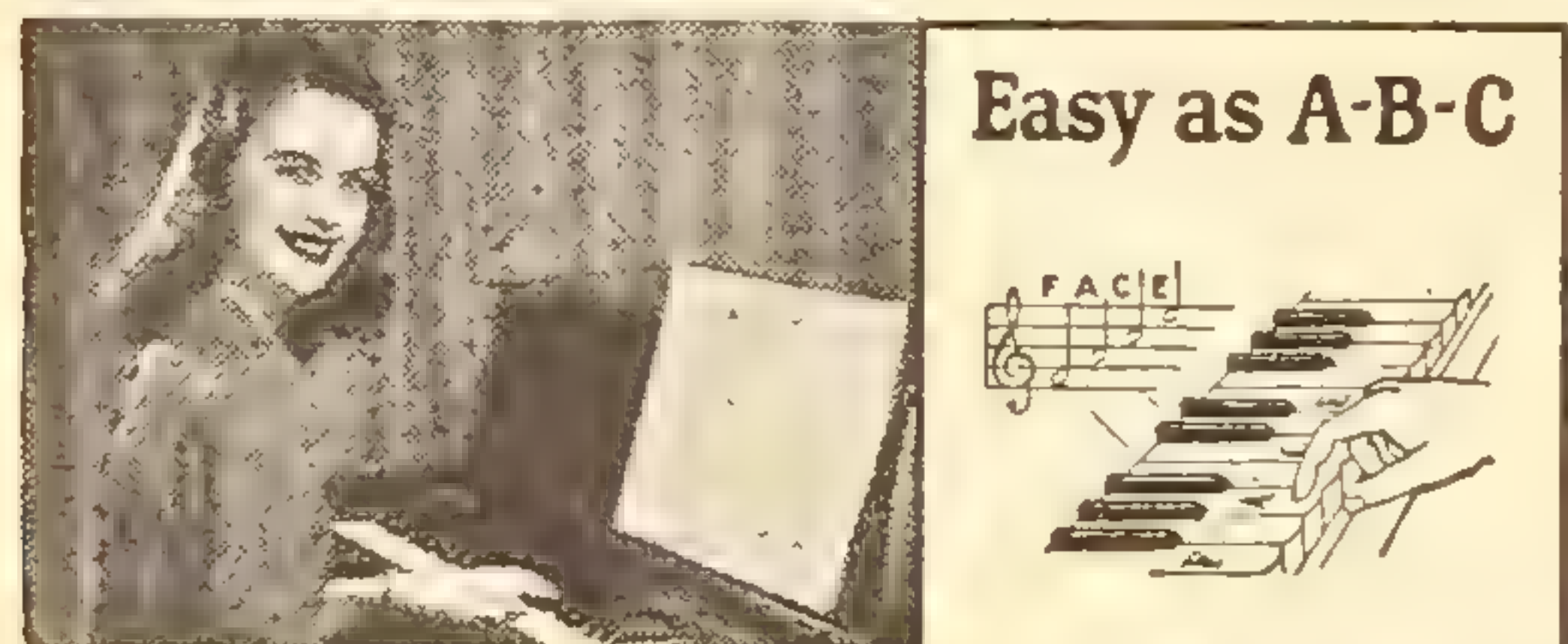


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It's Terrific To Be 22!

Continued from page 33

me for four months. She gave me a very small allowance, barely enough to pay for a room and two meals a day at a girls' residence and my tuition in a drama school."

Teachers at the drama school tried earnestly to repitch the low, vibrant voice which is one of her greatest assets today.

"I practiced for weeks reading Shakespeare in the treble," Lizabeth confessed, laughing at herself. "I mouthed. I drove everyone mad with my pear-shaped tones. I was intense and arty. I was terrible."

Naturally, Lizabeth's distinction and style brought many invitations to the Stork Club, "21," the Persian Room, but she would have none of them. Work and study were all that interested her. The probationary four months melted away, though, without Lizabeth having set the theatrical world afire and the allowance from home was cut down so drastically that she moved from the girls' residence to a cheap, furnished room and ate when, and only when, she could pay for it.

Lizabeth knew no one at all in New York who could help her get even the smallest toe-hold in the theater. She had no letters of introduction nor influence of any kind, so she simply walked from agency to agency, from theater to theater, asking for work. She tried to get a job as a model, but her particular type hadn't come into fashion yet and the graceful, green-eyed star of the future was given what is crudely referred to as the brush-off.

"As far as the theater was concerned, it was a vicious circle," she explained. "I tried to bluff about the experience I hadn't had, but when they'd ask for my Equity card—which shows you belong to the Union—I had none. Because without experience you can't get an Equity card and without an Equity card you can't get experience."

Then came a stroke of luck—and it was about time. She heard that "Hellzapoppin'" was casting for a road-company. But when she reached the theater on a dead run, she found that a hundred and fifty girls had gotten there first. Positive that this was just one of those things, she merged with the throng for the try-outs. It couldn't be that she had a chance against so many. However, when elimination narrowed the crowd down to a mere handful of twelve, then six, then to two, her spirits rose with a rush, for she was one of the two.

Eddie Dowling, the producer, had the girls watch the show for several nights from the back of the house. While Lizabeth was concentrating tensely on the leading woman's performance, the other girl kept up a steady murmur in her ear: "You don't really want that part. It doesn't mean a thing to you and it does to me. Drop out and let me have it!"

After five nights of this whispered propaganda, Lizabeth got very, very mad. As soon as the final curtain fell, she bounded up on the stage and demanded fiercely of Dowling, "Listen here, will you kindly make up your mind which of us you're going to choose? I can't

stand this suspense any longer and I want that part!"

Dowling grinned and answered shortly, "Report for wardrobe tomorrow morning."

"I don't know to this day whether I startled him into a decision or whether he really had made up his mind I would do," Lizabeth laughed. "But anyway I went on the road with the show and was gone almost ten months. We played every State in the Union and during one period did a stretch of sixty four one-night stands."

So that, children, is the way Lizabeth got her Equity card.

When she came back to New York, she was more successful in getting modeling jobs and, as an Equity member in good standing, played leading parts in small stock-companies and had a summer engagement with the Barter Theater in Abingdon, Virginia. After that she was engaged, not only because of her obvious ability, but because of the marvelous timbre of her deep voice, to understudy Tallulah Bankhead in "The Skin of Our Teeth."

The privilege of working with Miss Bankhead was invaluable as far as theatrical training went, but Lizabeth was unhappy. She wanted to act more than anything and the ordeal of standing in the wings—frustrated and idle—night after night for seven months was more than she could bear. She handed in her notice.

"Fate works in a strange way," Lizabeth observed. "Not long after I got back to New York, a hurry call took me to Boston, where I went on for two weeks in Miss Bankhead's place. A short while later, back in New York, another remarkable thing happened. As you know, the year before, no matter how I tried, I couldn't even get the chance of a try-out as a model. Now the door I'd been battering on with both fists was suddenly opened by a simple twist of the wrist and in I walked! One night at El Morocco I was introduced most casually to Carmel Snow, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*. She asked, 'Do you model?' When I answered that I did, she said, 'Come to my office at eleven tomorrow.' It was all so easy!"

The result of this was practically a steady job with *Harper's*. She appeared five times in one issue. "It's some sort of record," she explained. And these were the pictures that brought her the contract from Hal Wallis.

Lizabeth is completely happy in Hollywood. For a while she was homeless, being moved from place to place on the five-day wartime order, but the studio has just found a small, charming house that she will sub-let for a few months.

Though she likes men of accomplishment and brains, romance has no place in her life right now. So far, too, she's been too busy at the studio to create any outside social life.

"There's a time for everything," she said. "There's a time for friendship and a time for marriage. But this is my time for work."

He's No Ladies' Man

Continued from page 21

music and great artistry. He spoke with a technical knowledge that was not learned over night. He talked about his friend, Universal character actor, Thomas Gomez, and how he always stands up and yells "Bravo!" at concerts and the ballet, whether anybody else does or not. "They should give him free tickets," Turhan grinned, "he makes such a valuable member of the audience." Then seriously, "But at the concert Sunday night Tommy was not conspicuous. The entire audience was on its feet, yelling and stamping."

Turhan talked with prayerful solemnity about the war, and of the places where the fighting is going on, places he, himself, knows intimately. He's proud to be going into Uncle Sam's service.

And Turhan talked about his current picture, his last for the duration. "In some sequences," he said, "I play the character of *Aesop*, the fable teller, and as that character, I wear a beard. So you see," he grinned, "that beard means I am now an Artiste!"

But Turhan did not talk about Lana Turner.

And when the heated chocolate malted milk arrived, Turhan put in a straw, took a sip, made a horrible grimace of distaste, and advised me never to try such a frightful concoction. "I see now," he said, "malted milks were meant to be cold. That is their *raison d'être*." He lifted out the straw, which had unwound from the heat, and mused philosophically upon the soggy mass, and mused, too, on how to be a ladies' man. He did not muse about Lana Turner, and anyway, he doesn't think he is a ladies' man.

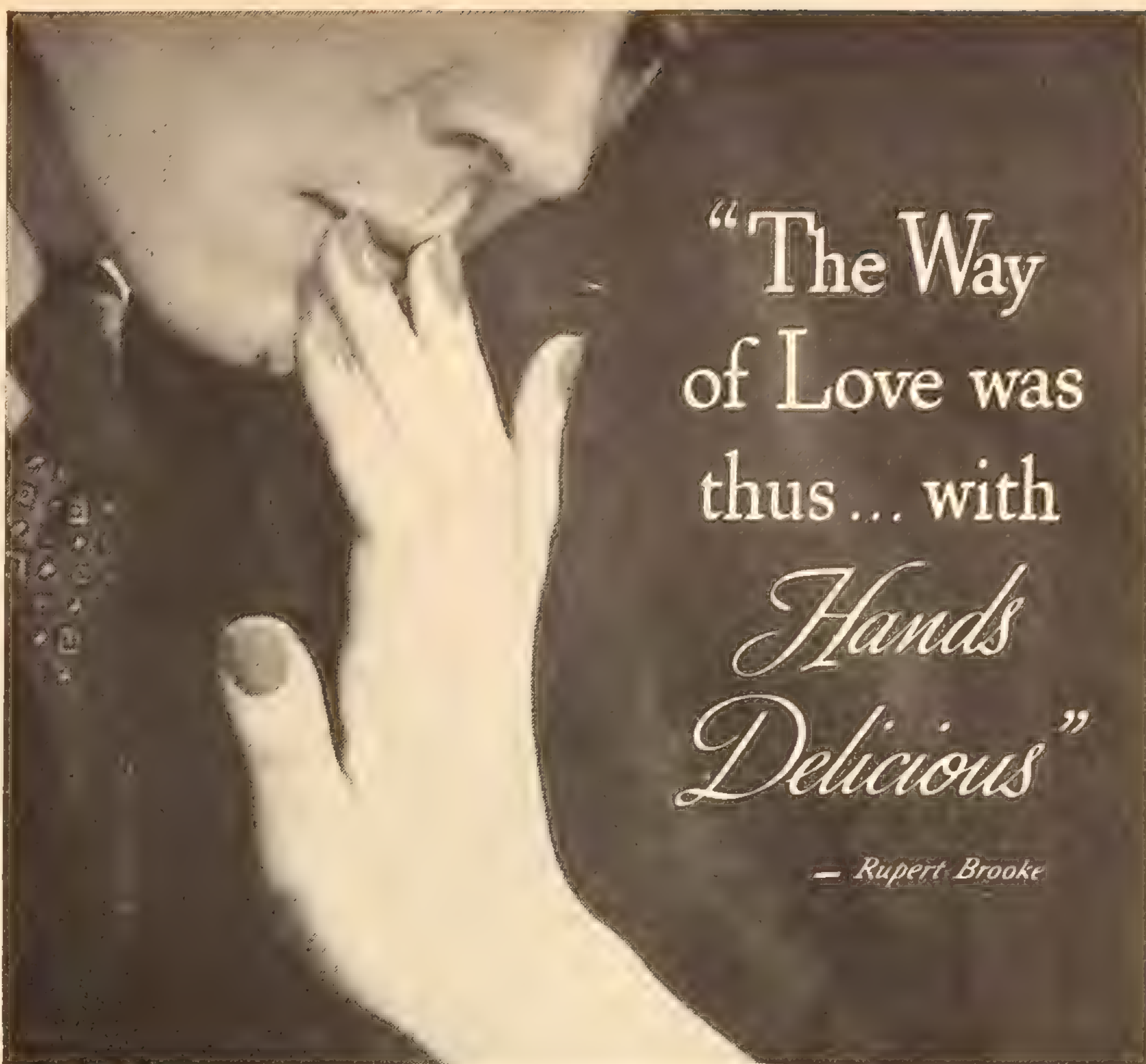
"In order to be a ladies' man," he announced, "you must look at a woman with one eyebrow lifted in a true John Barrymore style. That creates a certain wolfish expression, together with an air, as though you did not care whether or not the girl will like you. That is the expression of the ladies' man! But I, unfortunately do not have a facile face. I cannot lift one eyebrow without the other. Therefore. . . ." Turhan tried for a moment to accomplish this gymnastic, was unsuccessful, said, "See?" and held out his hands with a hopeless gesture. Then he peered over the glass of hot malted milk, and grinned, while his eyes curled up at the corners.

"All right, all right," I said. "No one is interested in your opinion of whether or not you are a ladies' man. We're much more interested in what you think is a man's woman. Who are the ten most beautiful women on the screen?"

"—?—?—?—?" (This indicates a thick, but amused silence).

And then Turhan talked of how much he likes out of the way restaurants that serve unusual food, and how he, himself, can cook a little.

"At home," he said, "we eat quite a variety of dishes. My grandmother cooks Austrian and Czech dishes, my mother makes American dishes, and I, myself, cook Turkish dishes for both my family and friends."

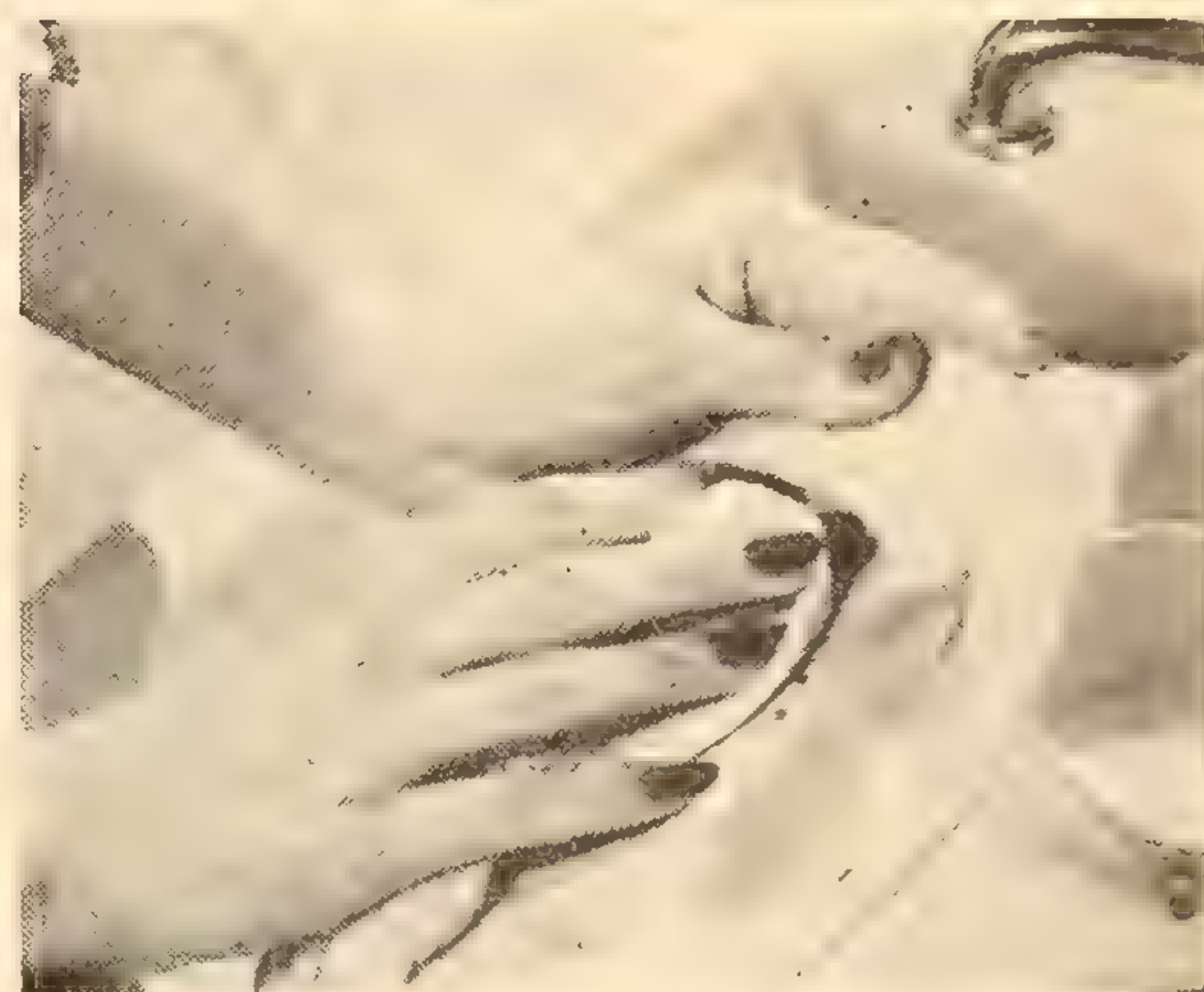


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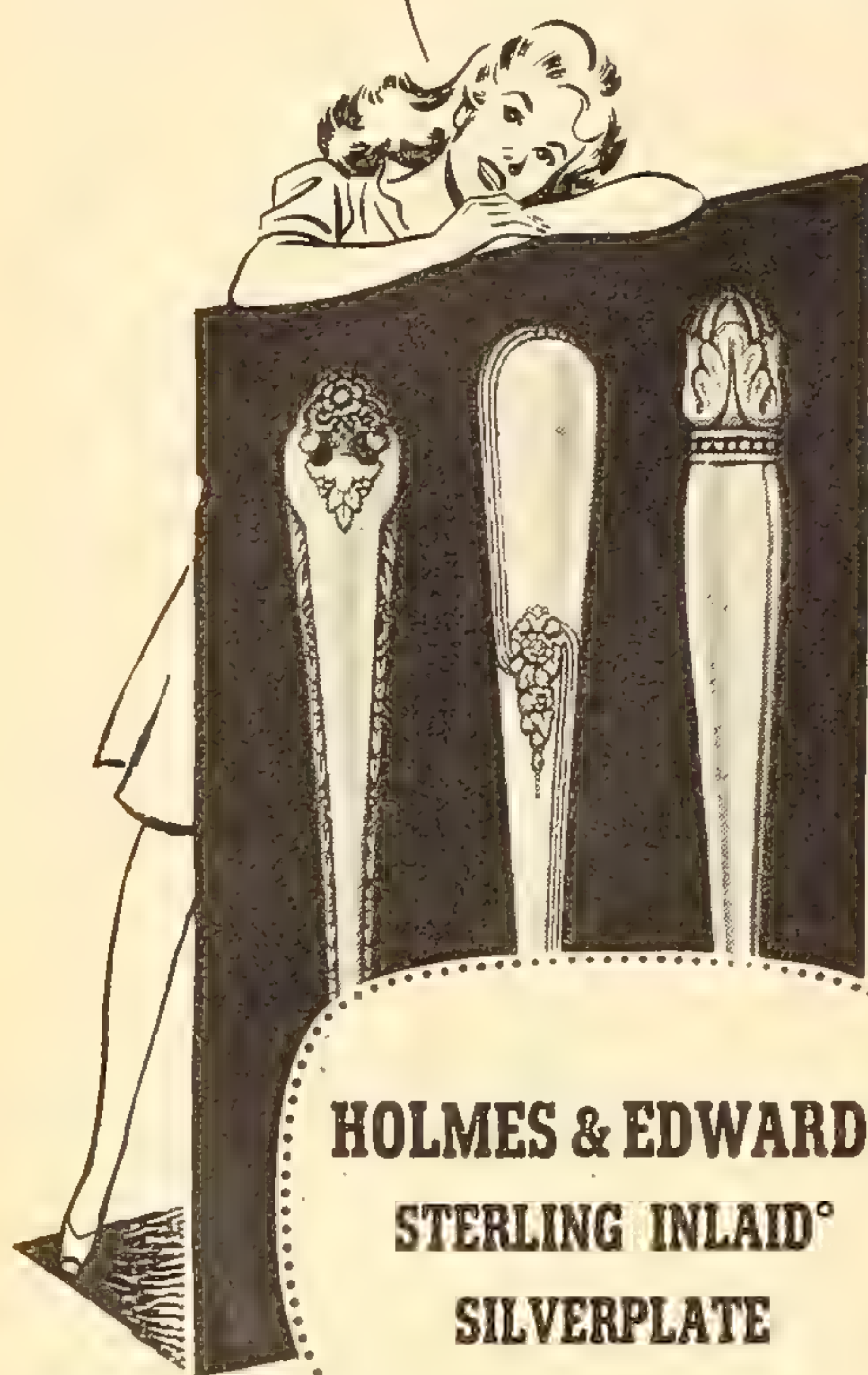
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And Turhan talked about how, in his current picture "Night in Paradise," an "historic" moment occurs—Bey's first screen kiss! It is remarkable that throughout romantic rôles in "Frisco Sal" with Susanna Foster, and "Sudan" with Maria Montez, and others, Bey had yet to kiss the gal. But in "Night in Paradise," director Artur Lubin devoted one entire day to getting this moment on celluloid—a scene that takes place on a beautiful Technicolor night in Merle Oberon's exotic apartment in the palace of King Croesus in Lydia. Regarding this first kiss, said Bey, with a wicked twinkle in his eye: "I was extremely nervous!"

And then Turhan talked about girls, and how he thinks the most important thing is for a woman to be herself, and not to try to be something she is not.

"I know myself," he said, "the temptation to try to be something else. I know what it is to have a suppressed desire to be a different type. I understand it if the girl next door wishes to be a *femme fatale*. Because I, myself, have the most pathetic desire to go around in blue jeans and cowboy boots like Roy Rogers. I wish I had a hard, boney face. I wish that I looked like Humphrey Bogart. I would like to be a tough, rugged cowboy type. Isn't that silly? Can you imagine how completely ridiculous it would be if I gave in to this suppressed desire?"

But there are many girls, Turhan feels, who do give in to suppressed desires to be different types. Such a girl irritates him, because Turhan dislikes falsity and affectation above all else. "I have seen a simple, plain sort of girl," Turhan explained, "dressed in slinky clothes, wearing too much makeup, and behaving in the manner of a siren, completely against her own personality. The effect is ludicrous!"

For Turhan, a really attractive girl is one who thoroughly understands her type, and sticks to it. "Each human being," said Turhan, is a unique personality. Each human being has something in his or her personality that belongs to him or her alone. But also, each human being belongs to a broad category which is called 'type.' To find that category, to understand it and to live within it completely, means making the very best exploitation of all your personality and abilities."

And if the girl happens to feel she is a type that is without glamor? Without the kind of colorful charm that she believes attracts men? "I do not believe such a type really exists, if, as I said before, a girl applies intelligence and study to exploiting all her personality and appearance to the utmost," Turhan replied, warming to the subject. "I see no reason why every girl should not be able to make this exploitation. I think, frankly, that girls overrate the importance sheer physical beauty has for men. For me, it is not that important. I like beauty, certainly, but I believe that physical beauty is not at all necessary for a woman to be successful and attractive."

Turhan referred to the many famous women of history who had extremely successful and romantic lives. He spoke

of queens and courtesans, and he spoke of famous actresses, women loved by many men. "How many of them were not beautiful at all!" he exclaimed, "yet were endlessly fascinating." And the actresses—many of the most intriguing actresses, Turhan reminded us, are far less beautiful than an extra on a movie set.

"No!" Turhan pronounced emphatically, "for me the important thing is what is in a woman's head and heart. If she happens to be beautiful, too, all right. But that is of secondary importance. I have no interest in a girl who forgets the mind and heart, and it is very apt to be the most beautiful woman who does the forgetting. Who thinks that all she needs is beauty. That kind of woman I do not like and would never be attracted to. I could never be interested in just a pretty face with nothing behind it, because in that case, the face means nothing. Such a beautiful girl can never live up to the silent promise of her eyes."

It is perhaps true, Turhan believes, that upon first meeting a girl's sex appeal is seventy five per cent physical and twenty five per cent mental. "But," he insists, "that is only the first meeting!" After longer association the percentage reverses, he believes. "I have no interest," Turhan explains, "to go to some charming restaurant where the atmosphere is interesting and the food good, only to find myself with a girl with whom conversation is impossible. I have no pleasure spending hours with a girl who has no gaiety and humor, no interest in art, literature and music, no concern over what is happening in the world today."

But Turhan believes that the most exciting, the most inspiring fact of attractiveness is that it is a quality any woman can acquire. If it was not given to her, by nature, to be beautiful, it still rests in her own hands whether she will be charming and fascinating. It is her own responsibility, what she will do with her mind and heart. The creation of "an illusion of beauty," the development of all her personality, and the study of her own type and appearance, can all go as far as intelligence and application will them to go. "Many girls," Turhan said, "who spend hours trying to make a new coiffure, would not be wasting their time, as I'm sure they think of it, if they spent an equal amount of time reading a book. For the great secret of sex appeal, it seems to me, is not the first alluring impression. The secret is to make the sex appeal last. To continue attracting and interesting a man as the months and years pass."

Turhan sees no reason why any girl today should not be able to make herself "attractive enough," when it comes to the physical part of appeal. If a woman gives thought and intelligence to her appearance, if she studies fashions and colors and her own best points, and then carries out what she has learned with simplicity and taste, he thinks any woman can make herself physically attractive, if not beautiful.

"Education! That's what's important!" Turhan exclaimed with intensity, "and I

don't mean just the education you learn out of books in a school room. The diploma is not the end of education. It is the beginning. For true education is learning how to apply knowledge after you have learned it." Everyone, says Turhan, women as well as men, young girls as well as older women, should be "alert to the problems and events of the world today." And the girl who has this aliveness, this concern about what is going on around her, is the kind of girl Turhan finds most attractive. Turhan's own mother, Madame Selahettin-Schultavy Bey, is a woman of great intelligence and charm. She has lived a broad, cosmopolitan life and has brought up her son in the same way, with constantly varying contacts and interests. With such a background of many countries, friendships with women of many nationalities, it is clear why a girl who limits her horizon could never interest Turhan.

"Tastes, fortunately, differ," Turhan smiled. "If they did not, all men would want the same woman. Vice versa, too. If Gary Cooper were the only popular type of actor, I would be in a fine situation! It is natural for people to cling to, and be most friendly with those most sympathetic to them. But one should never close one's mind and say 'So-and-so is not my type. Therefore I am not interested.' It shows a poverty of mind, it shows insufficient education, if you cannot find something to interest you in every man or woman. The most fascinating person is the one who has acquired sufficient versatility that they are interested in, and able to fascinate someone whose type they are not."

Along with this 'versatility' goes the ability to compromise, Turhan believes. It is important never to become so rigid in your own personality, that you are unable to compromise. "And the woman who can compromise with charm and grace—!" Turhan sighed, and his eyes danced with pleasure. All of this, he repeats, is part of education.

"The reward of good education is poise and self-confidence," Turhan said thoughtfully, "and the ability to stand up successfully under any emergency or problem—to be able to live a full life, using all of your being to its fullest and most active value. And really," he said seriously, "who would ask for more in a woman than qualities like these?"

At that moment, the hands of the studio clock had moved to the hour. Turhan stood up, ready to return to the set. But as he kissed my hand again in farewell, the solemnity of his face crinkled up into a grin, and again, his eyes darted up at the corners.

"Perhaps," he said, with a deep-chested laugh, "perhaps the final word on the subject is just this: Women are here to stay!"

But he kept his silence with him as he left. He did not speak of Lana Turner.

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Amigo Rigaud

Continued from page 29

"George, my dear son, speak English for our guests. Greet them in English, show them what you have learned in these months of study."

George shuffled uncomfortably. "Good morning, Professor." "Good night, Professor." "Our parlay ran out, Professor."

After a quick lap-dissolve, our hero is found, living in the home of a London family who consented to take a paying guest, and working mightily for an import firm. All day he checked invoices and bills of lading—in English—and at dinner, or in the evening, he was subjected to a barrage of English. In no time at all he could add, subtract, multiply and divide in the Anglo-Saxon tongue; he could check the arrival and departure of goods, he could order any food on a British menu.

But, while the articulation of Albion fell upon his comprehending ear, the chestnut trees of Paris were blooming in his heart. He returned to France and took a new job. You'd better sit in a rocking chair to roll with this one, because it's a swoon-maker: the English-Spanish-French speaking George Rigaud took a job as a horseshoe salesman. Yes, shoes for horses—unrationed. He also sold corrugated sheet metal for use in constructing farm sheds and other out-buildings.

A scrutiny of the subsequent Rigaud life will reveal that, at almost every turn, he was greeted by Lady Luck in her most indulgent mood. Those of mystical turn of mind will be glad to wager, twenty to one, that George's close association with horse-shoes had much to do with it. The method of selling horse-shoes is to board a paysanne-bound train, with one's wares in one's sample case, ride to the nearest likely-looking station, and descend. From there one walks, or rents a horse to walk one, to the nearest farm house.

Because of this career, George knows France far better than most Frenchmen;

he knows what crops thrive where, what type of soil is found in this district and what in that, where the grapes grow sweetest, the hay grows tallest, and the girls smile most provocatively. But that is another story.

George soon established himself as the No. 1 salesman of his company, and with typically American enterprise approached the boss. Waving a proud hand at sales charts, he demanded that his salary be increased commensurately with his accomplishment, and that his future should promise more of the same.

At this point he met up with that fine old institution, Seniority. He was, said Monsieur le manager, the newest, not to mention the youngest, salesman on the force. If his salary were upped, consider what would have to happen to the salary of Francois, of Emile, or Guilbert!

With stark realism, George observed, "Business is like this: you take advantage of someone, or someone takes advantage of you. I do not mean to be taken advantage of, therefore I quit." With the majesty of Caesar he strode out, and for a year he lived like Caesar trying to dodge the Ides of March. Sometimes he dodged the blades of ill fortune; sometimes they cut him a nasty cut.

Then he had an idea: Paris was full of wealthy, aristocratic Spanish-speaking families who were—like all tourists—eager to sample the superb wares of Paris. They wanted the smartest of gowns, the most brilliant of gems, the deepest of furs. Why not, queried M. Rigaud of himself, do three persons a good turn by becoming an independent broker? Why not benefit the customer by directing him properly, the merchant by bringing him an elegant customer, and himself by reaping a commission on such purchases?

"Vive le bright ideas of George Rigaud," said that young man happily, and got busy.



Gene Tierney and Glenn Langan pose for love scene in "Dragonwyck."

In those days, George's favorite modiste for his feminine clients was Vionnet, that early discoverer of the charm of the batwing armpit, the wide one-piece shoulder, and the long sleeve, that has now been perfected and modified by Adrian. And his favorite color, then as now, was black. Currently, George will be found—nine times out of ten—wearing a tie in which black predominates: polka dots, barred patterns, floral designs. His suits are likely to be a salt and pepper combination, and even his tweeds are best liked when they are accented with black.

Well, all good things must end, and so did George's fat commission business. The flush *Americaines du Sud* ceased to arrive in Paris laden with happy cabbage that they wished to distribute leaf after leaf. George had to rig up another deal.

With two friends he became associated in selling advertising for the crusading magazine, *D'Artagnan*. Their method dispensed with money as a medium of exchange—cash turned out to be superfluous. If the boys discovered that they needed shirts, they simply went to the establishment of a shirt maker, talked him into taking enough advertising space to account for the purchase of three shirts. If they needed food, they located the best nearby restaurant and exchanged four-columns-six for meal tickets.

One day George found himself in need of a pair of shoes, so he approached the manager of a most select haberdashery on the subject of some advertising. The manager said no. George trotted out Sales Talk, Triple A Grade. The manager still said no. George, all suavity and graciousness, mentioned the cunning of certain of the man's competitors who had shown acumen enough to advertise with George. The manager persisted in the negative.

"Thank you for listening to me; it has been charming to meet you," said George, ever the light-hearted one. And he bowed out.

Remember those horseshoes? Well, instead of taking the elevator, which would have removed George rapidly and effectively from the scene, he elected to walk down several flights of stairs. At the first newel post, he was hailed by the breathless manager. "My employer wants to see you—at once," he panted.

George thought, "Ah, I get my shoes!" The deal was even better. "I like the way you stand. You are tall, properly constructed. I need a young man of your poise, your sang froid." And the tailor explained his idea: each year, at that time, a conference of men's tailors was held. This man was eager to display a series of suits—on George.

George backed away.

"Afterward," explained the tailor quickly, "the suits will become your property. Without obligation."

For three suits, George would have done hand-stands on a Hindu bed. Throughout the time he was modeling the suits and the tailor was saying, "Notice the new drape of this shoulder. Observe, please, the placing of these buttons. Regard the pleats placed so," George was saying to himself, "In thirty minutes this suit will be mine."

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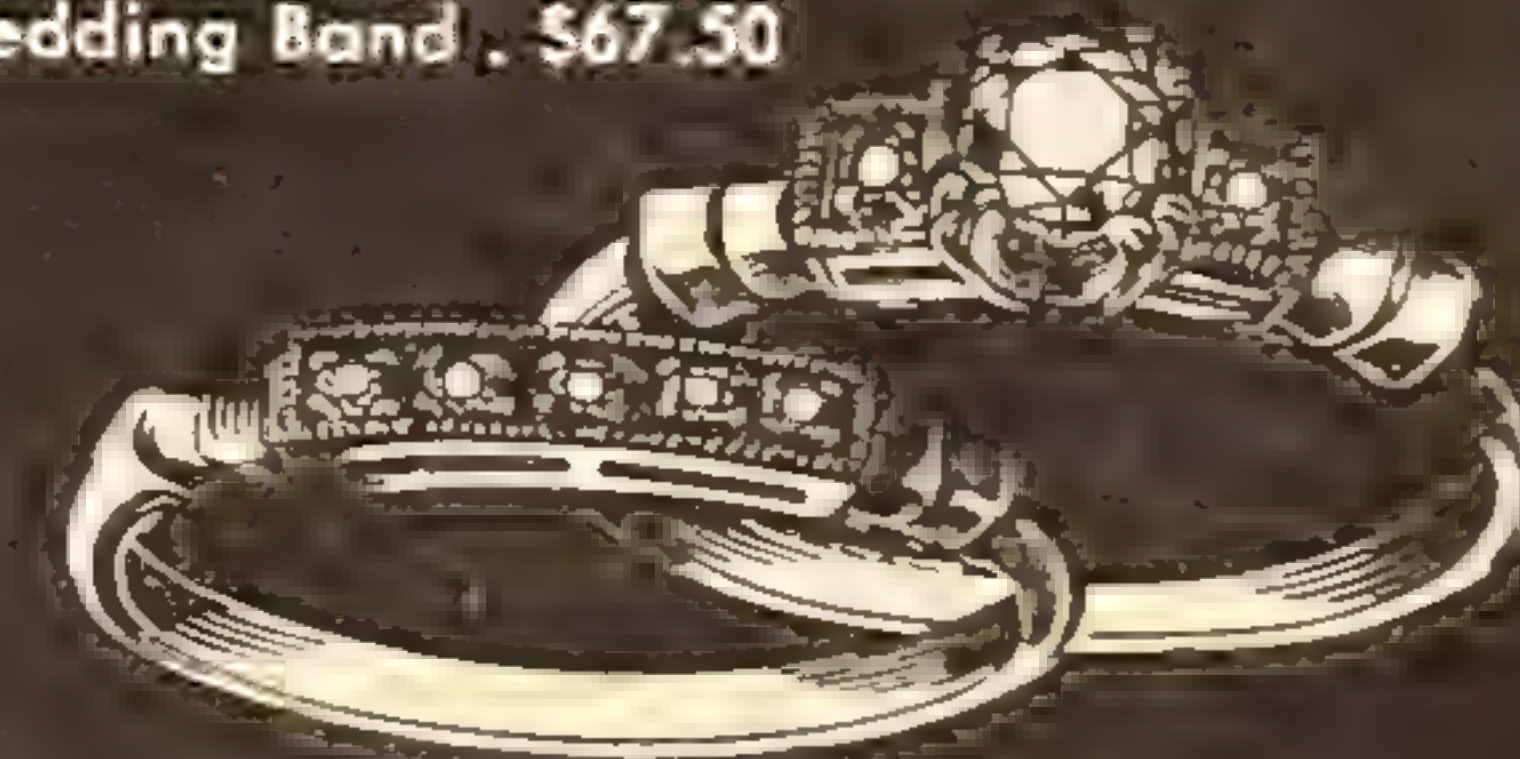
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And then, at a party one night, someone who knew someone who knew a director, leveled an accusing finger at George and intoned, "You should be in motion pictures. I will call my friend who knows a director and make an appointment for you."

"What can I lose?" asked George, having no reference to race tracks.

He breezed through the test, thinking it was merely a quick-change scene in the kaleidoscopic record of his life. Not until he learned that he had been given the part did his nerve fail. "Acting is a wonderful business," he told a friend. "One works easy hours, one has a certain amount of leisure, and one earns such charming money. I have but one trouble—I don't know how to act."

He learned. Learned with the same urgency and violence as a child; tossed into a lake, employs to learn to swim. He made pictures in Paris, in Berlin, in Vienna, in London and South America. As nearly as George can remember, he has made about sixty-odd. Paramount brought him to Hollywood before the war—he returned to France without ever getting before the camera.

After the fall of Paris, he knew that his future lay in the Americas, so he came home to Buenos Aires, where he remained for almost three years, making pictures. The Rigaud smile looked good to Fox executives who saw him in an Argentine picture. They transported him 10,000 miles—a bit of a trip—for a test. He arrived here with a thick coat of dust almost obscuring his English; it had been a good many years since he had used the language extensively.

One of his greatest troubles, he learned quickly, was his inclination to pronounce the long e sound as if it were short i. Watching a group of jitterbugs cavorting between scenes on a sound stage, he exclaimed in happy amazement, "What a feat! What a feat!" It seeped through his accent as "What a fit! What a fit!" and listeners enjoyed this comment far more than its intended original.

Another problem stressed itself: French is a volatile language, requiring the animated use of the upper lip, the tongue, and the nasal passages. "One says it with greens," is George's explanation, and he has no reference to the sending of flowers; he means "grins." But English is a throaty language in which it is perfectly possible to express oneself intelligibly with little lip movement.

In George's first American screen test, he tried to combine the two techniques: the English words, enunciated with the French facial loquacity. Said the director, "Your face will have to learn to speak English, along with your voice."

It was a feat the studio did not desire to underwrite. Rigaud decided to gamble on a Hollywood career—even if same did not want to bet. He felt lucky.

This required six months of intensive study, then George got his break with Paramount. They wanted a light-heavy for "Masquerade In Mexico." Mitch Leisen wanted to see a test of George—one that would give some idea of his abilities along those lines. Thinking of his first awful American test, George supplied some film of his own that had been made much earlier in France. "That's the man,"

said Leisen. "Forget about that American footage." This meant that George was set to play his first semi-villain in Hollywood.

In the meantime, by a series of characteristically Rigaud coincidences, he also managed to be cast for his first Hollywood romantic part. To wit: Constance Bennett, in her initial producing effort, had arranged to film Etta Shiber's exciting story, "Paris—Underground." She needed a tall, slim, intriguing man to play the romantic lead. Gregory Ratoff was to direct. Go back to your rocking chair and get ready to roll again with this explanation, because it is going to be a good one. One of George's best friends is a Russian girl. In Russia, many years ago, the father of this girl was a commanding officer in one of the Czar's armies. And a very young Gregory Ratoff had been a private in the selfsame army. So George, through his friend, met Gregory. And Gregory, clapping his newly found leading man on the shoulder, said, "I must haf you een my picture. For de type you are rrright. I loff you, my friend. You moost mit Miss Bennett."

Miss Bennett met Mr. Rigaud. Miss Bennett said he was exactly the type. Miss Bennett with characteristic disregard for obstacles, was undismayed by his unavailability. So, without benefit of bicycle, but with plenty of cooperation from both Paramount and Constance Bennett Productions, George worked in his first two Hollywood pictures simultaneously.

Further vital statistic: He is married to a French girl, a non-professional, and has been for eleven happy years. They have no children.

About his future career in American films, George is both hopeful and philosophical. He says he knows there will be some smooth sections as well as some very rugged passages, but he says trouble doesn't penetrate his happy feathers. That he can take it or leave it. What he actually says, to be explicit about it, is, "Plenty to take; plenty to leave."

Our prediction is that the American public will take to him—plenty.



From the favorite pin-up of many G.I.'s, Jane Russell turns her talents to home-making in comeback film, "Young Widow."

She Knows What She Wants and She'll Get It!

Continued from page 42

coached me. They worked with me. They taught me how to walk, how to stand, how to sit down. They almost taught me how to breathe. It was won-n-n-derful!"

Well, what can you do with a girl like that? Everything is wonderful, the stage, the screen, the age we're living in, life. She devours it all. "If there were just more hours in the day," she says. "If I just didn't have to sleep at all!"

It is perhaps, this insatiable appetite for living, for squeezing out of every passing minute a full sixty seconds' worth of living, that has made men like Mervyn LeRoy go way out on a limb and predict that Phyllis Thaxter will, one day, be first lady of the screen. Her hazel eyes open very wide at the spectacle of the passing pageant, and she has a way of sitting far forward on her chair as she talks to you. One has the feeling that if she were to spread her arms she might sail out of the window. It's won-n-n-derful!

Beneath this aura of idealism, however, there is, somewhere in the back of this girl's consciousness, a cool, objective evaluation of the Main Chance. She doesn't miss. Call it instinct, call it sheer calculation, call it anything you like, it keeps functioning. When David O. Selznick, the omnipotent and omniscient, tested her for the screen version of "Claudia," she wasn't interested. "I'm not ready," she said. "I need more work—lots more work." Mr. Selznick's eyes popped wide open. This couldn't happen. People didn't do that to him. Something new had been added. He shook his head in wonderment and Phyllis went back to touring the country in stock. It wasn't until two years had passed and producer Sam Zimbalist, who was looking for a girl to play the part of *Ellen* in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," came upon the test she had made in New York. Flash! Like that. This was the girl he'd been looking for. Phyllis was offered the part.

Then to the amazement of everybody she still hesitated. She wasn't certain. Maybe she needed more work, more solid stage experience. They gave her the script to read and suddenly all doubts faded from her mind. This was it. This was the part she had been dreaming of. "It was as if something had happened to me," she says. "I knew I didn't have to wait any longer. No more doubts. I would be *Ellen*."

"How could you be so sure?" I asked. "Haven't you ever been uncertain—scared?"

Her breath caught sharply and she slid out a little further on the edge of her chair. "When I went on in 'Claudia,' I was so scared that for ten minutes my mind went blank. I didn't know I was speaking—saying words. I was off somewhere in a nether world, a kind of disembodied spirit. And then, all of a sudden, the pieces slipped into place and I knew the lines were coming alive and everything was beautiful. It's a wonderful feeling."

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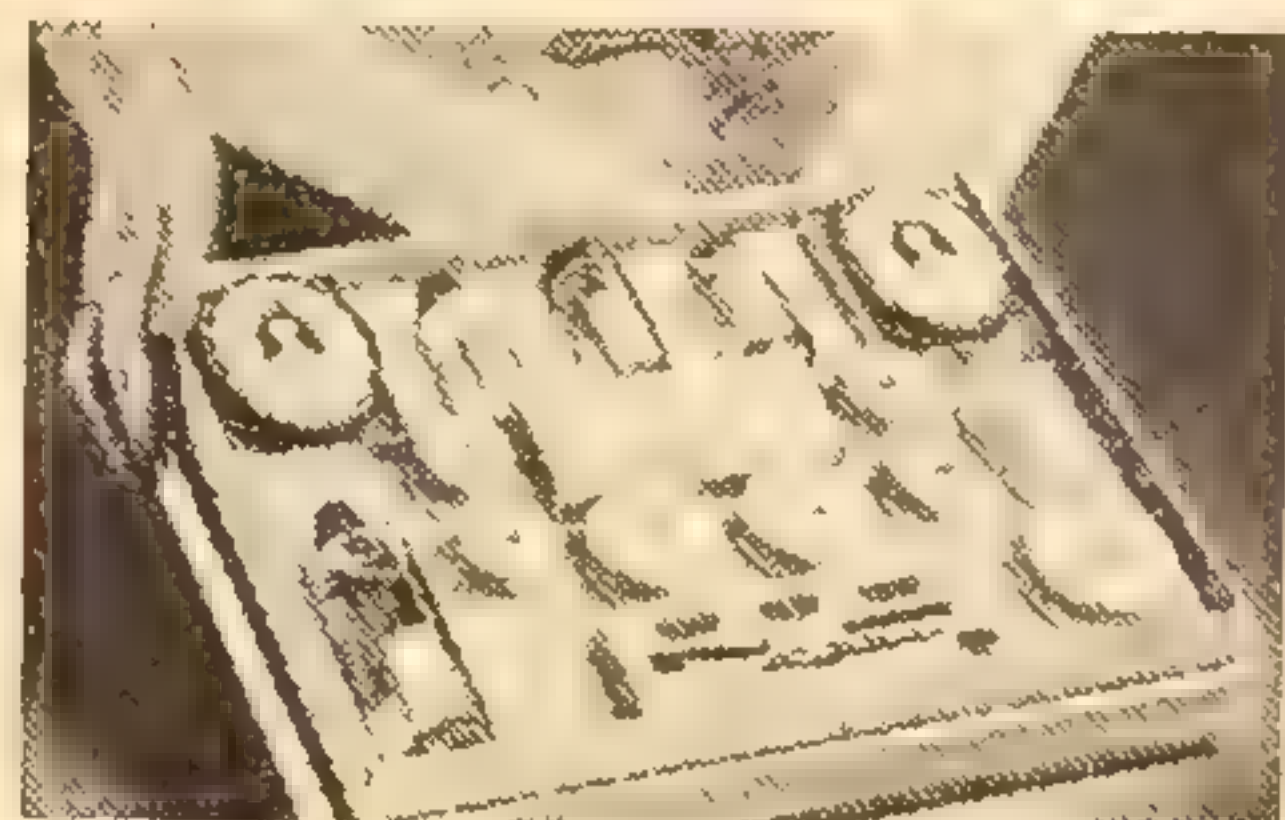
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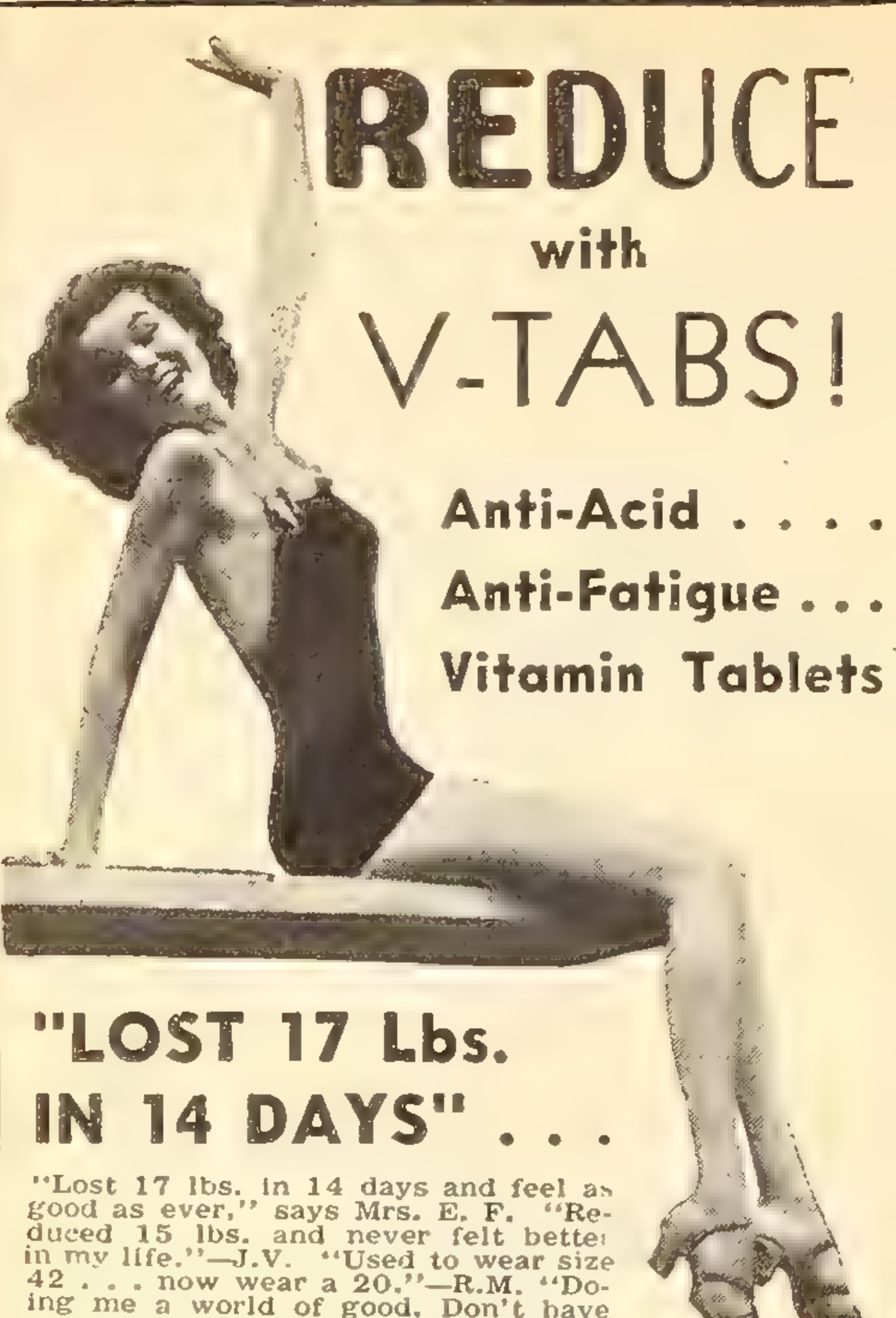
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"So you really were frightened—an old trouper like you?"

"Oh, I wasn't a trouper then. I was just a kid who didn't know the answers. I still don't know many, but then—" She made a small gesture with her hands. "You see, I didn't know I was to have the part until Rose Franken told me. I dropped by her house one Wednesday night and at the door she greeted me by saying I was to have the rôle relinquished to me by Dorothy McGuire. I'd been dreaming about it—actually keeping my mother awake nights by shrieking aloud in my sleep: 'I will do it, I will.' But there wasn't much time. I was to appear in the part at the following Monday matinée. So I went to see Miss Fontanne."

Miss Fontanne took her in hand. They rehearsed far into the night, and when Phyllis left to go home, Miss Fontanne told her not to worry. But that wasn't enough. She was still stuttering with fear when she reached her mother's apartment. That night she didn't sleep at all and the next day she couldn't eat. In fact, she barely tasted food all the rest of that week.

On Monday she arrived at the theater at noon. The members of the cast came and went through their parts. Certain that she was a wooden automaton, Phyllis went into her dressing room and tried to put on makeup. She couldn't because her hands were shaking too much. "When they called me I don't know how I got down the stairs and onto the stage," she says. "But after the show was over Miss Fontanne came back to my dressing room and told me I'd done a good job. Then John Golden came in and said I had the part for certain. How won-n-derful!"

During the two years that followed Phyllis worked hard, proving to herself and a good many thousands of other people that she really could be *Claudia*. The play ran in New York for six months, another six months in Chicago and then went on the road for a solid year. "The road—that's a good place to learn your job and learn yourself," Phyllis says. "St. Paul, Sioux City, Muncie—all American people, but all reacting a little differently to a line or a bit of humor. The Middle West will catch a subtle implication that the South may miss; and Birmingham will respond to dialogue that might fall dead in Chicago. By golly, it wakes you up!"

I told her I'd heard that the people in Hollywood, the studio crowd, had labeled her as a sweet young thing when she first came to California. Her eyes flew open very wide. "Did they really think that? How awful! It's like telling a woman she has such a good face. I'm not, you know. I'm not sweet at all. I know where I want to go and I know I have only a little while, a very little while, to get there. Jiminy! If one could just hold back the years."

But even Phyllis Thaxter, despite her determination, can't do that. And after all, the years have been very good to her. They have made her into a young woman who knows what she wants—and how to get it without sacrificing the singular charm she now has and without acquiring the surface hardness which mars so many of the screen's

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young luminaries. She has enormous respect, amounting almost to reverence, for the great ladies of the stage—Katherine Cornell, Lynn Fontanne, and Laurette Taylor. There are great ladies of the screen too, she believes; but they haven't made her breathless with admiration as have the shining stars with whom she came in contact early in her career. She is looking forward to "mood" plays. "I'd like to do 'Forever'," she says, "that beautiful and tender book written by Mildred Cram. And, of course, I used to long to do 'Peter Pan.' What young actress doesn't? That's all behind me now, but I'd still like to do 'Waterloo Bridge.' You see what I mean? I don't want just action things. I hope I'll get another part that will tax every bit of talent I may have. Like 'Tokyo.' Something that will be a terrific challenge, and that I can look back on with a feeling that I did a good job."

At this stage of her career Miss Thaxter has two predominant ambitions—to make a success of her comparatively recent marriage, and to improve her status as an actress. Her husband, Captain James T. Aubrey, Jr., who went into the Air Force straight out of Princeton, has known few stage people and while he is thoroughly sympathetic to her career, they don't talk, or write, much about it. At 24 and looking 19, Phyllis is wise enough to let time and its chemistry resolve that problem.

People who have seen Miss Thaxter in "Claudia" and in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" are of two minds about her. Some think she is beautiful—the way Katherine Cornell is beautiful in the intensity of feeling, a shining light as if something were burning inside her. Others consider Phyllis quite plain. I really couldn't tell you if she is beautiful or not. I only know that when she is talking about a book she loves or an actress she idealizes, a curious transformation takes place in her eyes, the shape of her lips, in the graceful, eager motions of her hands. It's like a sudden freshening wind blowing over a still pool. One moment her face is tranquil, almost empty. The next it changes into loveliness and you are filled with wonder at the spirit which animates it. Cynicism is something she does not understand. She has faith that good can be found in almost everything—even the war. "I get letters from boys in the Army," she says, "and they make me cry. They won't be boys any more when the war is over. They'll be the men who are going to make the world we'll live in. But I cry when I think of the youth that is being squandered."

Just then her companion, a woman sent to California from Maine by Mrs. Thaxter, came in with a pot of coffee. Phyllis jumped up and began moving things about on a low table, shoving piles of books out of the way and piling ash trays on top of each other. "Some day I'm going to have my own house and my own furniture," she said. "Sydney Greenstreet comes over nearly every Wednesday for dinner and we talk about the house I'm going to have. That is, for a little while we talk about my house. It's pretty hard to keep him off the subject of his work. He strides up and down the room waving his arms and

going through scenes. No one could possibly work as hard as he does."

"I know," I said, "but tell me more about this dream house. I'll bet you're going to transplant a little bit of Maine into California."

"I've got a little bit of Maine here now," she said jumping up. "Come and I'll show you."

She led the way to the rear of her secluded apartment where a small fenced-in garden was hidden from the streets by a high hedge. The garden held sunshine like a cup. In one corner there was a willow tree and its branches moved gently as the breeze went through it. "Sometimes when there is a wind I can lie under that tree and imagine I'm back on the coast of Maine, listening to

the far-off beat of the sea. I get homesick for Maine sometimes, and then I get Kenneth Roberts' books, 'The Lively Lady,' or 'Rabble In Arms' and I soak myself in memories of that lovely place

"Hush," I said. "That's *lese majesty* or something. This is California and the Chamber of Commerce might hear you."

We went back into the living room and as I was leaving she offered me one of her packages of cigarettes. "Yours are nearly gone," she said impulsively. "And I can get more. Really I can."

I'll bet she could, too. I'll bet she could get a carton if she wanted them and if she set out to do it. I have a firm conviction that Miss Thaxter is a young lady who can have just about anything she wants.



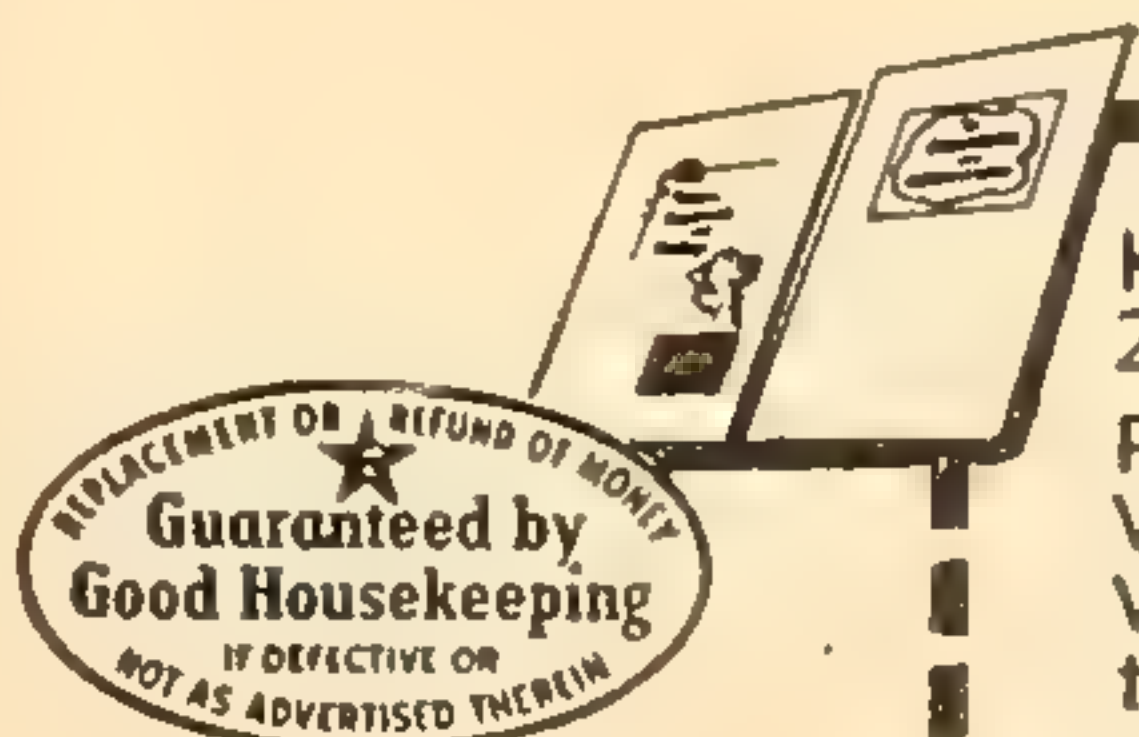
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The Starduster

Continued from page 48

head of hair. He's very artistic about barbering. He does it the hard way.

"Whoever's been doing your hair," he said after I had the cloth tucked around my collar, "has been using the thinning shears on you. And that's bad. It never comes out even, and if you look closely you can always tell it." Hoagy's strictly a shears man himself and disdains the use of clippers. But he simply loathes thinning shears, the kind with small teeth along one blade.

I filed this conversation about thinning shears in the back of my head to take up later with my own barber, and steered Hoagy off the subject of haircutting onto the subject of Carmichael. "Remember," I said, "you promised to give with a story. I'll start the ball rolling with a question. Most of the critics commented about how natural you were in your rôle in 'To Have And To Have Not.' Did you take any drama lessons or do you figure you are just a natural born actor?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he came back, "that's a long story."

This was an appropriate crack from a barber. Most of their stories are long; but Hoagy meant what he had said. Into his naturalness as an actor has gone a whole lifetime of effort in dealing with the public.

"I guess I'd better start this off by telling you honestly that I'm really very shy. My mother was the same way before me. She could have done things with jazz music if she hadn't been so timid about facing the public. That was one reason she took the job she held when I was just a kid, playing the piano in a nickelodeon in Bloomington, Ind. That's where I was brought up. It was dark in the movie house and people couldn't see her very well. I liked it, too, because she would let me go to the theater and sit beside her as she knocked out music to fit the moods of the film.

"In fact, this is where I really got started playing the piano. I got ideas from my mother. Naturally I had talent in this line so she started teaching me, and these were the only piano lessons I ever had. And for that matter, I didn't take many lessons from my mother. I had an ear for music and didn't have to follow notes on a sheet to learn a tune. I just picked out songs on my own after hearing them once or twice, and I figured there wasn't much sense in beating my brains out studying a lot of theory as long as I could do that.

"To keep the record straight, I started playing by ear when I was twelve, and by the time I was eighteen I had my own band, consisting of myself at the piano and another boy with a set of drums. We started out playing for high school dances in Bloomington and worked up a nice little business. The truth is I made enough money in this manner to pay my own way at Indiana University, where I later was graduated from the law college. Of course, I had bands all the way through college, but I always had it in the back of my mind that music wasn't a very practical way to make money and I was determined to be on the safe side

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by equipping myself for law practice."

At this point there was a sharp interruption in my narrator's story. He snipped me on my right ear. But with all the aplomb of a schooled barber he laughed it off and I had soon forgotten the incident. He covered up the mishap very neatly, I thought, by again harping on the mischief that had been wrought by those thinning shears. He explained that because of this he was going to great lengths to do me a good job and had probably become a little tensed up. This is the main difference between barbering for money and barbering for pleasure, according to Hoagy. In barbering for the sheer love of it you sometimes become too conscientious and wound your client. I quickly lied to him and told him that I never have the barber shave my neck so he could dispense with this when he was through.

"But tell me," I said, getting him back on his story, "wasn't your musical education actually accomplished along with your studies at Indiana University?"

"Yes, indeed," he took up in his drawl, which is still typically Hoosier. "I got a thorough jazz education while I was in college. As a matter of fact—since we are talking about my new career as an actor—I also made my debut as an actor in my freshman year at college. I played the rôle of a monkey dressed in a suit of long dyed underwear, in the annual school revue. I hung on a pole for ten minutes in the middle of the stage, and when I slid down I spoke my one line of dialogue: 'Hello, papa, what time is it?'"

"But that was my one brief acting experience. I really concentrated on music. In 1919 various colored bands were coming to Bloomington to play for dances, and I met most of the leaders. I actually learned the interpolation of negro singers, which was to influence my composing later, however, by listening to phonograph records. Sock time, as I call it, was invented at this period and was originally with a banjo player and myself. We discovered it while playing at a lake resort during Summer vacation. Sock time, in case you don't know it, is a method of playing a piano that accentuates the down beat."

It was during this same Summer that Hoagy made friends with a certain man from Chicago who was vacationing at the resort. This man persuaded him to come to Chicago to hear Louis Armstrong and Bix Biederbecke. Our hero not only heard, he was conquered—especially with Biederbecke's trumpet playing. So he promptly arranged to have both Biederbecke and Armstrong bring their bands to Indiana University to play for dances.

At about this time Hoagy mastered the art of making strange noises with his mouth to imitate jazz, and to play his famous one-finger jazz which still will make any decent boogie-woogie deciple squeal with delight. This type of playing was invented as an imitation of Biederbecke's trumpet manipulations. Nor did Hoagy neglect to learn how to warble like Louis Armstrong.

"Not long after this," to quote Hoagy, "Bix and his Wolverine orchestra decided to record 'Riverboat Shuffle,' and a publisher later brought it out. Still a little later Paul Whiteman got hold of my

'Washboard Blues' and did a concert recording of it."

This is where Hoagy broke the ice singing on records. Since no one could ape his quaint style of vocalizing, Whiteman asked that the composer warble the lyric, and he did. But mind you, our hero was never once tempted to shift his course from law to music by way of making his living, even though one publisher asked him to become a staff writer.

He had come close to going all-out commercial in 1923, though, when he stayed out of school to go to Palm Beach, Florida, to play for the society people.

"The late Flo Ziegfeld was vacationing there at the time," explained Hoagy, "and he paid me fifty dollars to play for him for three hours. This kind of easy dough was enough to turn any college boy's head. And while in Palm Beach I also heard Irving Berlin play and sing. I decided I could do as well and this was the first serious incentive I had to start composing on a substantial basis."

And although his numbers went over with jazz addicts, Hoagy was still inclined to the practical side, a bent which is still plenty evident in his nature. He chucked another offer to join the writing staff of a publisher following his graduation from law school in 1926, and went to Florida not to compose, but to wrestle with Blackstone before the bar of justice.

"It took me two and a half years to make up my mind that maybe I had been mistaken about making a living out of the law," he went on, "and I started thinking back about Irving Berlin and Flo Ziegfeld. In 1929 I paid a visit to Indiana University, and it was while walking across the campus in a romantic mood one moonlit night that I came upon the tune of 'Stardust.' I just started whistling and it came out. After I had gotten it down on paper I decided to use some money I had made on a stock investment by going to Hollywood to try to sell my song. I stayed six months, but none of the studios was interested."

"Disappointed, but not exactly down, I took my song to the next best place—New York. I got my friend Don Redman of the McKinney's Cotton Pickers to record it. Isham Jones also recorded it later and it became a hit. After this I decided that it was music for me and forgot about law completely. I had several other tunes published and in 1936—the year I got married, incidentally—Columbia Studios brought me to Hollywood to write for pictures. After winding up with Columbia, Paramount signed me."

"And contrary to the belief that I actually made my acting debut in 'To Have And Have Not,' I did my first screen rôle in 'Topper' at MGM, in 1938. I had written a song of the same title for the picture and when the man who was supposed to sing it didn't show up Norman McLeod, the director, persuaded me to sing and play it before the camera. And after a few more songs I decided to make California my home and bought a house for my family."

Hoagy's wife, the former artist's model, Ruth Meinardi, is indirectly responsible for his second lease on an acting career—for lease it is now that he has completed another film at RKO with George



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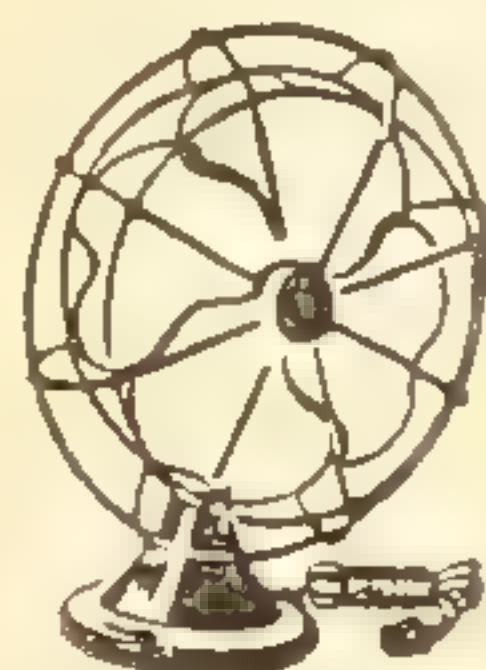
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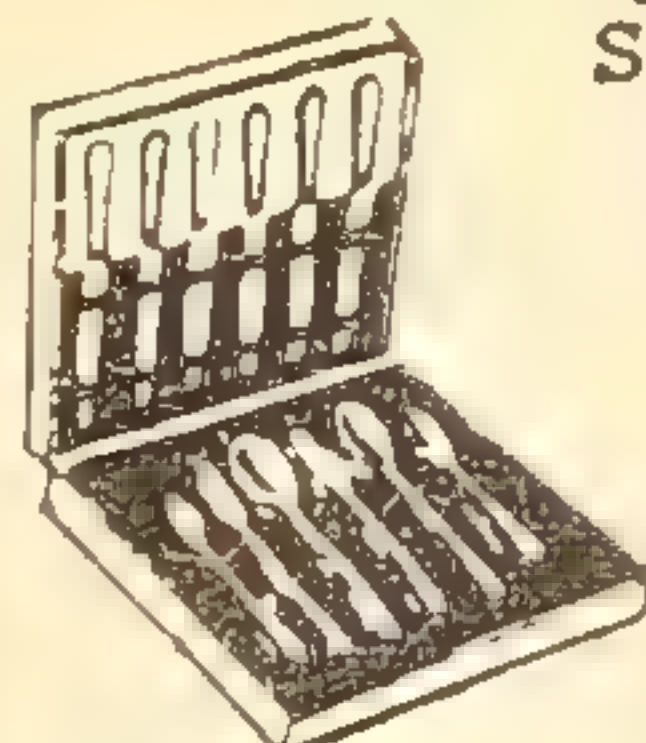
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Raft and Signe Hasso called "Johnny Angel." In this latter picture he did so well in the bit part of a seedy-looking taxi driver that they built it up to a substantial rôle and asked him to write a new tune to sing as well. The song is called "Memphis in June," and it probably will wind up a stratospheric hit like most Carmichael numbers.

Anyway, Hoagy's wife was responsible for all this by the mere fact that she invited Mrs. Howard Hawks up to the Carmichael residence one afternoon. At the time of Mrs. Hawks' arrival Hoagy was adding new laurels to his versatility by transplanting some shrubbery. He's a whizz at this, too, and he positively has a fetish for trimming hedges, if you get the connection. Hoagy, looking like a ragpicker's man Friday, with his hair in his eyes and sweat flooding his dirty face, scared the poor woman half to death. But she was nonetheless impressed.

"Who is that character out there transplanting shrubbery? If he were an actor I could get him a job in Howard's picture, 'To Have And Have Not.' He's the perfect beachcomber type and that's what Howard's been trying to find," Mrs. Hawks asked Mrs. Carmichael in a single, long excited breath.

"That perfect beachcomber type," asserted Mrs. Carmichael not without some sternness, "happens to be the father of my children."

Mrs. Hawks, who is a woman of some finesse, neatly turned the situation into a laugh, and to make amends set a date then and there for Hoagy to be tested for the aforementioned picture. Hoagy not only filled the bill as to the character he was to render posterity on celluloid but he threw in a couple of trimmings. One of these was the match he always had in his mouth in the picture. "You'll be swell just wangling the strange vocabulary you have to handle in the rôle," Hawks told him, "but if you want to do it the hard way with a match sticking in your mouth, it's okay with me."

This match business, incidentally, is a good example of one of Hoagy's outstanding traits. He likes to add his own little embellishments to things, and while a sophisticated person might say his touches savor slightly of corn, us common folk get a kick out of such homey inventiveness. Thus it is understandable why Hoagy is popular with the public. He also enjoys a hearty laugh over one of his own jokes, which, if I recall, isn't a privilege reserved only for barbers and song writers.

Hoagy is self-confident in most of the things he does and therefore does them rather well. Besides being a hole-in-one at golf he whams a mean tennis racket. He avers quite frankly that he can beat the socks off of Paul Lukas on the court, but Paul, an excellent netman, naturally leans to a different theory. Their tennis feud is a long-standing one.

Hoagy seldom plays a piano for his own amusement and relaxation, but he dotes on performing at parties where he can get an audience reaction. While this could well be a hangover from fraternity-day gregariousness, it more likely is an indication that he is a good ham at heart and is really on the right road catering to his acting talents.

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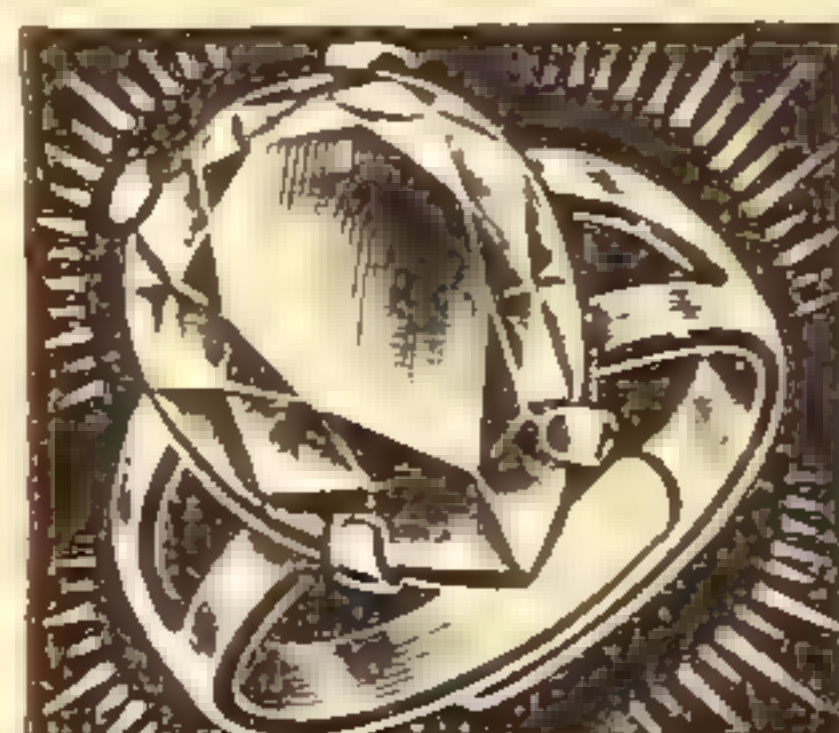


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Another consuming stroke at the practice of early rising is Hoagy's defiant attitude toward clocks and watches. He refuses to carry a watch because he feels the smooth flow of life is disturbed when you break it up into hours.

Near the end of my session in his barber chair I laughingly observed that it was too bad he could cut hair so well and not be able to do his own. "But that's where you're wrong," he replied as he snipped away at the finishing touches. "I've been cutting my own hair for almost fifteen years. I do it with mirrors. And now, if I may say so, you look like a very clean-cut young fellow."

I winced at this bit of corn, but in characteristic form Hoagy was howling with laughter. "Anyway," he said, recovering his equilibrium, "you've got a good hair cut and the story I promised you—and you're stuck with it. Comb it wet or dry?"

Actually, this story has a sequel which occurred a week later when I went to my own barber. "Where were you last week?" he inquired as he ran the comb through what is left of my hair. "Whatever barber you went to didn't do a bad job, I'll have to admit."

"You won't believe this," I told him before he launched into his diagnosis of world events, "but Hoagy Carmichael, the song writer, did that job. And incidentally, if you ever use those thinning shears on me again I'll slay you with your own razor."



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Bacall's Beginnings

Continued from page 36

didates were narrowed down to a choice of three.

Quite a difficult choice indeed. There was the brunette beauty with the cloud of dusky hair, the perfect rosebud mouth, the big dreaming mascaraed eyes, a regular calendar girl. Then there was the auburn-haired elf with the cameo face, pure and delicate, truly a breath of Spring girl.

And then, of course, there was the tall girl with the green eyes. The judges kept studying her. Certainly she did not measure up to the accepted standards of beauty as much as the other two. But there was fascination in the slanting green eyes, the swinging blonde hair, a tremendous appeal in the girl's easy, unaffected bearing, and something more—personality, magnetism, call it what you would, you had to look at her. Still no decision—the men of the jury were conscientious and they deliberated long and earnestly, but at last the announcement came.

"The winner — contestant number three—Betty Joan Bacall." We know her now as Lauren Bacall. This was her very first publicity break and it came to her in the neighborhood where she had lived and aspired, but perhaps never dreamed of the success which was to follow so swiftly on that night in Washington Square.

It's Fun to Be Pretty

Continued from page 16

all trace of powder off your eyebrows and eyelashes.

"The eyes have it," says Janice. So be sure that they are sparkling with rest and good health. Then add a few make-up tricks to enhance their beauty and sparkle. A little eye shadow, discriminately used will accent the color of your eyes. Put it above the lids, at the outer edges, so that the shadow will not look artificial but very much a part of the all-over picture. Now add your mascara, either the cream or cake mascara, and apply according to directions. Brush the mascara upward and outward, and avoid a too wet brush.

Last but not least is the not-so-secret weapon of all glamor gals—the lipstick. Choose a shade that becomes you, and put it on carefully. A camel's hair brush is fine for getting a firm lip line. Then fill in the center of your lips with your lipstick. Blot off the excess, and for extra indelibility, pat a little powder over the lipstick and let it set; then re-apply your lipstick. It will stay on for hours that way, and eliminate the need for madly pulling your compact out in public places.

This is the beauty routine from Janice, one of the glamor gals who knows. Take a little more time at your dressing table, choose your cosmetics and your beauty equipment with a bit more care and knowledge of your requirements, and you will be able to have and to hold that cherished "movie star" look.

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Esther Williams Talks About Van Johnson

Continued from page 22

was Van's big break. He had other things to worry about besides worrying about me. But that's Van for you—he worried about me!

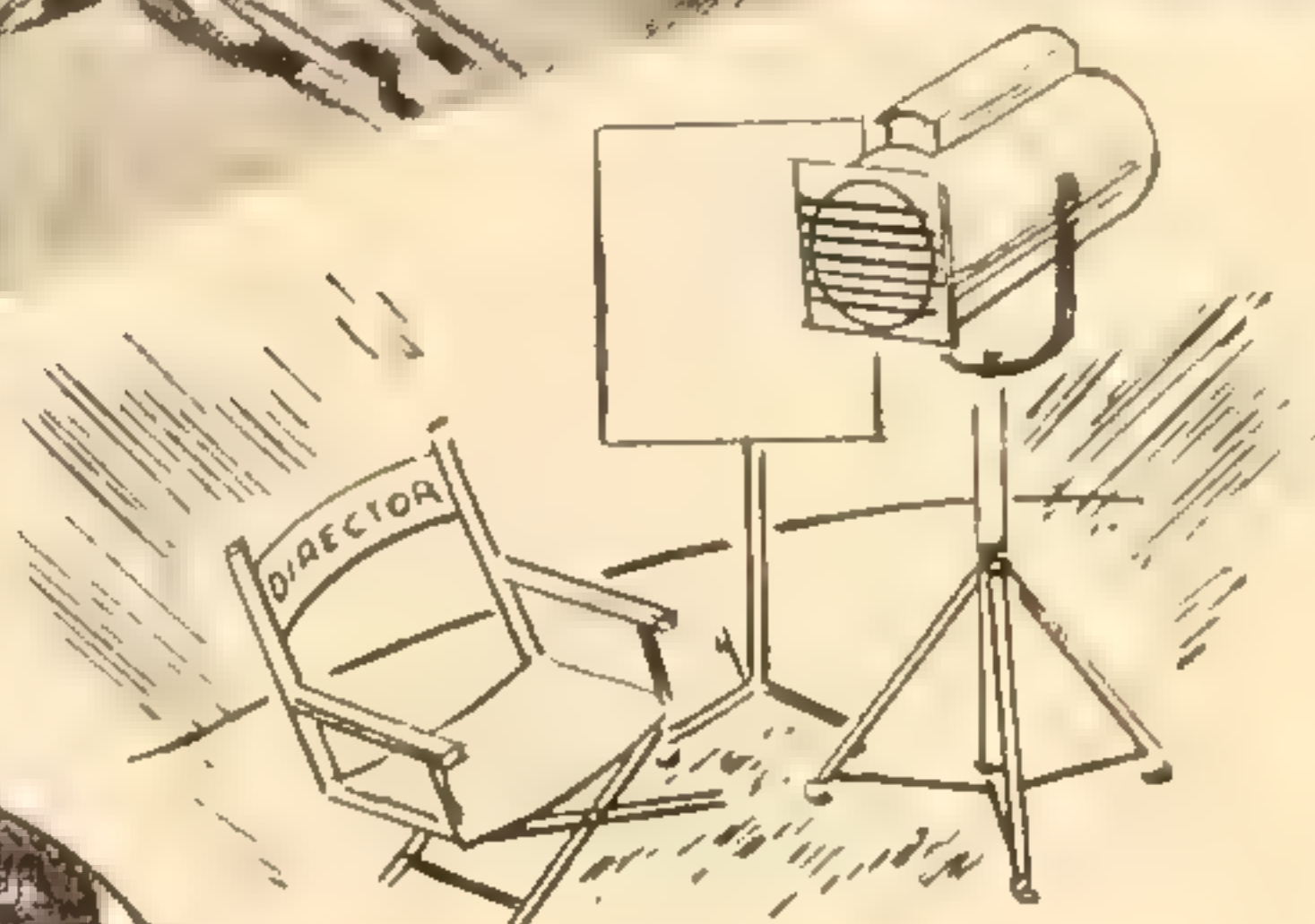
"If I had a difficult shot to do, a lot of fast lines, he showed me how to turn at the right places so I wouldn't get out of range. I didn't know anything about camera angles. Van and I were supposed to dance together while the camera followed us. An actorish type of actor would have thought of his own closeups. An ambitious beginner would have grabbed every break. Van was a beginner, too, but he threw everything my way. As we danced, he'd swing me into the closeups. He was thoroughly unselfish, and, remember, this was *his* big chance. Maybe a layman can't quite appreciate what I mean. But when an actor puts *your* face into a closeup instead of his own, it's a terrific thing. You don't find many people like Van.

"There are a lot of tricks in this business of which the movie-goer isn't aware. For instance, you have a close-up. You're supposed to be looking into the eyes of the hero. He's not in the scene, but he is right in back of the camera. You play the scene to him. Some actors stand there like a piece of rock. They light cigarettes, let their attention wander, do nothing to help you. But Van will stand there in back of the camera and give more than he would if he were in the scene himself. It's a wonderful thing—a quality of good sportsmanship.

"On the set, when they are setting up the lights, he kids around between shots. He has a wonderful sense of humor. But he's quiet before we go into a scene. I'm not a veteran; it's still hard for me to get into the mood. It's all very well to kid, but there's also a time to work. You can't clown around right up to the moment the cameras start rolling and do a good job. At least, I can't. Some actors will stand there *seconds* before the scene is filmed and shake with laughter. They'll even pull gags the instant before the cameras roll. Van is more considerate than that. He'll have a riot of fun on the set, but once he's before those lights he goes to work. This makes it easier to work with him than with a lot of stars.

"I liked him the moment I saw him. Most people do. I liked his appearance. He's so big. I'm tall, and I like big men. He has a clean, fresh, wholesome look. He's not dark and swarthy, not mysterious looking. He's not affected at all. Van's just like a kid you'd meet anywhere. Some newcomers arrive in Hollywood, and they affect a pose. Van doesn't like that sort of thing. Neither do I. It's one reason we get along.

"Van is good-natured. Now maybe you know some good-natured people, too. But stop and think of this: right now Van probably has more demands on his time than any other star in Hollywood. He never has a moment to himself. He not only works at his regular



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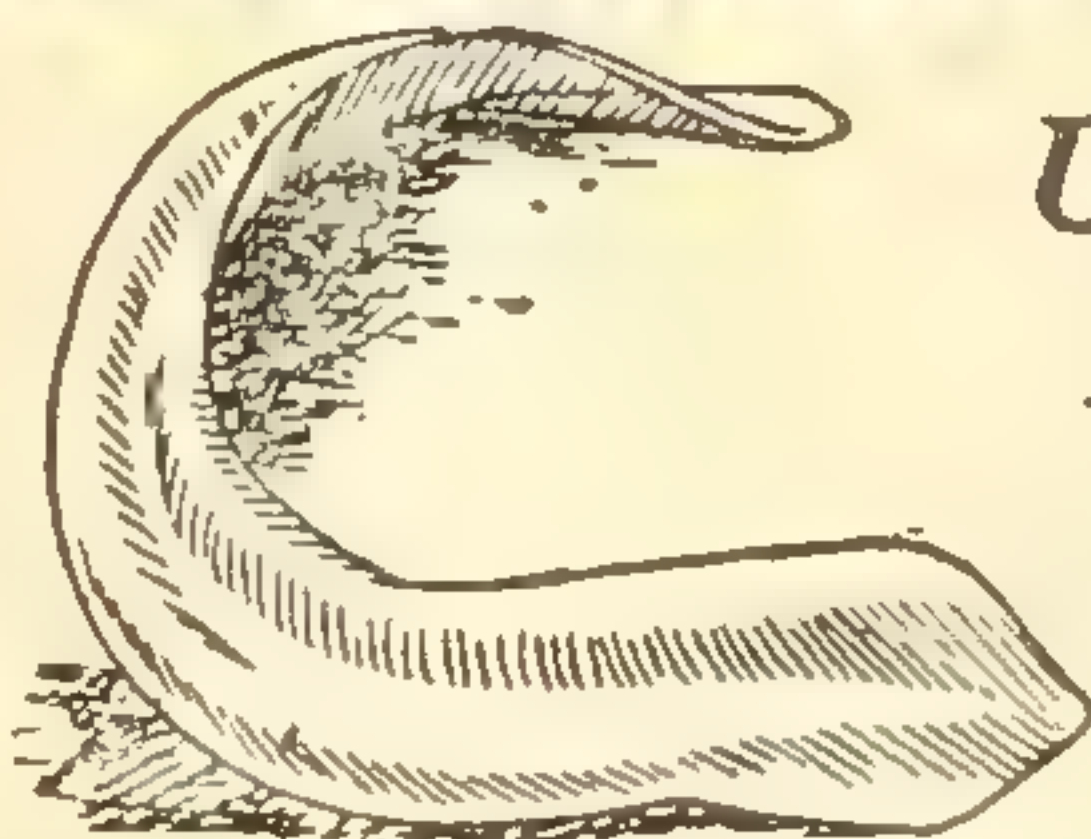
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job—acting—all day long, but his dressing room is constantly filled with a stream of people who have business with him. The moment he is out of one scene, they grab him for interviews, autographs, script changes, publicity photographs. Some stars have three interviews a week, and that is considered a tough schedule. I'd hate to tell you how many Van has, but three a day is not unusual. He studies his lines at night. He has to sacrifice his own personal social life; he goes out rarely. And yet he is as generous with his time as if he had nothing on earth to do but oblige people.

"Occasionally, he has his flareups. One day I heard him blow up. I heard both sides of the conversation, and I know he was justifiably provoked. The person to whom he was talking expected him to be difficult just because he is a movie star. Now there is no one on earth who expects less from people, and never because he is a star, than Van Johnson. Still this person kept on deliberately baiting him. Finally, Van let off steam—but good! You see, he's good-natured but he's no *Milquetoast*. I've heard him stand up for his rights with people who want to push him around.

"To me, it's amazing he keeps that disposition. Because, ever since his accident, he has had terrible headaches. Sometimes they are so bad he can hardly think. Yet his day doesn't stop for them. He can't stay alone with a nice cold towel on his head. He can't baby himself at all. He has to keep up with his back-breaking schedule. It's not easy. Yet—and this is very much to his credit—he's a person who never talks about things like that. He prefers not to mention those headaches. We who know him well realize they are occurring less and less frequently now. It's been two years since his accident. Maybe one day they'll go away and never come back.

"Now and then Van will think just because he's a Swede he should have moods. But I've never seen him moody, and I've been with him pretty constantly. He is a great worrier, however. He's unduly concerned about little things. For instance, he'll say something to someone that could have two meanings. He'll want to rush right out and correct it. I'll tell him: 'Whoever it was has probably already forgotten the incident. They won't worry or lose sleep. Why should you?' Of course, I can understand his concern. He is living in a regular goldfish bowl. His slightest act is magnified, and always reaches print. Every star has a taste of this, but not to the extent that Van has. That's one of the penalties he has to pay for his success.

"But Van minds less than most folks. In fact, his very best point is his ease with people. He likes them. He likes his fans. The greatest single factor in his success, I truly believe, is his friendliness. Van is a real person in spite of the fact he has skyrocketed so suddenly. He's still thrilled about being in movies. He's not snobbish about being a star. I hate to see a person get smart about success. Van isn't. He knows you can lose it just as fast as you get it.

"With all the luck he's had, he could

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just rely on his personal charm. But he doesn't. He's conscientious about his work, to the point of overwork. Even if he has a rare day off, he'll buzz around the lot seeing people. He'll come to the set to see how everything is getting along. He reads, studies, keeps up with what's going on. He's building a solid foundation for his career, and he's working desperately hard at it. That's why Van is a much better actor today than he was when he first came to Hollywood. He keeps trying to improve, to learn.

"You can't say in a word just what it is that Van has that the others don't have unless you choose the word—everything. There's nothing oily, slick nor weak about him. On the other hand, there's nothing exasperatingly noble about him, either. Men don't object to him, because he's no smooth love artist; he's all man. While to women he personifies the kind of a boy the average American girl wants to marry—handsome, big, strong, intelligent, charming, friendly, honest, dependable, down-to-earth. He's not so polished with the weaker sex that they still can't embarrass him. And he gets it across that he could be madly, tenderly in love—but just with one girl. Some of our Hollywood actors have a few of these qualities. *But how many do you know who has every single one?* That's why I say—what's so amazing about his success? *He's America.* He's the boy next door, your G.I. Joe, the dream senior you want to go to the prom with. It's not strange that he gets 42,000 fan letters a month. Why not?"

You're probably wondering if Esther Williams thinks Van is so super then why haven't you read any romance items about the pair? Esther is that rare female with whom a man can be friends. Van needs this a lot more than romance. Right now, he can do with a friend. Things are happening very fast. On all sides he is surrounded by people who want to use him, use his success and his prestige and his connections. Van needs someone to talk to who has good sense; who is new to movieland, too, but who hasn't gone Hollywood. Esther is just what the doctor ordered. She has a background of palship with brothers and sisters. Van has never had this. She possesses a warm camaraderie that a girl who has only known men through dates just doesn't have.

Not long ago Van and Esther went to the circus together. They had dinner at the House of Murphy first, and then went on to the Pan Pacific Auditorium. They weren't there long before the news spread and they were mobbed. Bobby-soxers pressed around Esther: "Gee," they said, awe-struck, "you're lucky to be out with Van." Esther agreed.

What she didn't know was that on Van's side they were saying: "Gee, you're lucky to be out with a beautiful girl like Esther Williams."

Van threw Esther an appreciative look: took in that body beautiful, that eloquent, expressive, lovely face. The well-known appraising twinkle came into his eyes. He grinned. "You're not just kidding!" he said.

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Frankie's Family

Continued from page 31

"Instead of being a jealous woman, I have to be a diplomat." The bobby-soxers used to come to our house in the East and I was very sweet to them, but so many of them wanted to come in I had to discontinue it and talk to them on the outside. It got to the point where they overran our property and the next-door neighbor's. They're wonderful youngsters. They don't mean any harm. They want to see the children, and of course catch a glimpse of their idol if possible. I have to talk to them so as not to hurt their feelings.

"They have been very good in California as compared to the East. Sometimes they come around through the vacant lot where they can peep through the wire fence, or they have even waded across the lake when it was low. Most of the time Frank isn't home when they come, or he is sleeping or taking a sun bath. I can't very well ask them in, but I talk to them outside."

"One time five girls thought Frank was going to Montreal and they left home to follow him. Their parents were frantic. Frank was really on his way out here. He was terribly concerned about this. He called them his friends, and told them that if they really were his friends they would stay home and help win the war, that he was sure they realized they had made a mistake in trying to follow him.

"He does what he can to combat their romanticism. In order to discourage the bobby-soxers from coming to the house without an invitation, he explains to them that he is a father and the head of a family, the same as their father, and that he must spend some time with us.

"Occasionally, he brings a group home with him. At 5 o'clock one afternoon he telephoned and asked if I could whip up some food as he was bringing some friends home to dinner. When he arrived he had eight bobby-soxers. One was a little girl who had just recovered from infantile paralysis. One was a cute Chinese girl. There wasn't time to fix a regular dinner, besides it was between shows. So I hustled around and made sandwiches and served them with soft drinks in the playroom.

"Frank's admirers have always been disarmingly sweet to me. They shower me with gifts on my birthday and meet me at the train with flowers whether I am with him or alone. The children also come in for their share of attention.

"If I felt all this was going to Frank's head, then I would worry. Fame hasn't made a fool of him. He still doesn't believe it. I tease him and call him 'my big public figure.' One time in New York he was being mobbed; I saw he was under a great strain and when he started to get in the car I said: 'Oh, you big public figure, you!' He laughed and relaxed immediately.

"I always inflate his ego. I find this helps inspire him. I wouldn't say it would work in every case. It depends upon the individual. I've known Frank too long to believe that success could



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ever go to his head. I always knew he would achieve fame because no one with his ambition and drive could miss it. It wasn't a gift dropped suddenly from the skies."

With any other running mate, Frank tells all and sundry he never could have gone so far. Nancy Barbado and Frank Sinatra, both of Italian descent, first met at a New Jersey seashore resort when she was 15 and he was 16. "Frank had just finished school. He had not begun to sing. He didn't know he wanted to sing, although we used to get together and have close harmony. At that time he was interested in having a band of his own. I guess most boys like to do that sort of thing. We were never formally engaged but we did keep steady company for about five years. We were waiting for better things to happen, and then when nothing happened we decided not to wait any longer. We were married in February, 1939—on a Saturday, and both of us had to be at work on the following Monday. I was working as secretary at a printing plant and Frank had a job singing at the Rustic Cabin in Jersey. We each earned \$25 a week.

"We first had a three-room apartment which we furnished ourselves. Frank helped scrub down the walls and fix it up. His first break came six months after we were married. He landed a job with Harry James' band at \$50 a week. I used to travel with him and from the reaction, I was certain that if he could reach more people they would like him. I used to take care of his fan mail. It was from adults as well as children. I went with him everywhere until Nancy was born. After that, I couldn't risk her health."

"How did you two travel on \$50 a week?" I inquired.

"We managed most of the time, but we had to keep close count of the pennies. I remember once on our first trip to Hollywood with Harry James' band we counted them so closely we had to live on onion sandwiches for two days—the period of time the band was suspended over some disagreement—in the contract with a café.

"We were rich when Tommy Dorsey engaged Frank at \$75 a week! There were three of us then. Frank started on his own about 1943 and all this has happened since then. He was at the Paramount Theater in New York for 13 weeks. That was where he started doing so well that he went to the



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Good, lusty melodrama which preserves the San Francisco tradition of picturesque contrast between the colorful city of the tourist and the aristocratic standards of Nob Hill—set in the plushy Gay Nineties period, and in Technicolor, too. It's a highly sentimental story of a café owner with a heart of gold (George Raft), his star singer, a decorative red-head (Vivian Blaine) and her upper-case rival for his affections (Joan Bennett). Not to forget, though, the real star, Peggy Ann Garner, who makes a corny kid rôle—that of a stranded Irish waif—believable and appealing.

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Riobamba Club. Then he sang at a number of concerts. Before making pictures he sang at the Hollywood Bowl. The long hairs resented him very much. After the Bowl concert, he made his first picture, "Step Lively," and came right back East again. They discovered he had natural talent for acting as well as singing. I thought his first attempt was rather good. But I always tell him he can do better. I won't repeat that old bromide that I'm his severest critic, but I am very critical and find things other people never see or hear. I can always tell how he's feeling by his singing.

"I knew that his profession would keep him away a great deal. We never really have time enough together. If he has an hour between broadcasts he comes home where he forgets the mad rush of people. He likes to play with the baby who goes to bed early. It is a fixed family custom that he put Nancy to bed. He sings to her or reads her a story. We have dinner early so Nancy can have it with us. She sits between us but usually winds up on her father's lap. There is no formality. We eat in the playroom on a checked tablecloth. We never serve cocktails. Frank drinks gallons of milk and is fond of hot tea.

"I'm the cook. Frank loves my cooking—the Italian loaf bread and gingerbread I bake, and especially the spaghetti and the sauce I make."

"I've heard about your marvelous spaghetti," I said. "Is your recipe a secret on how to hold a husband?"

"Well, it's helped," she laughed. "I don't mind passing it on. You take one large can strained tomatoes, one large can puree tomatoes, small onion, one clove garlic, one teaspoonful chopped parsley. Add dash of thyme, salt and pepper to taste. Brown onion and garlic in olive oil, strain tomatoes, add puree to juice, add oil from which onion and garlic have been removed. Put in seasonings, cover and cook one hour. Boil spaghetti until tender, serve in layers with sauce and grated Italian cheese."

Besides chief cook and baker, Mrs. Sinatra is her husband's counsellor, financial manager and bookkeeper. She is also buffer. "My principal job," she said, "is to see that Frank gets the proper rest as well as food. I try my darndest to keep it quiet while he's sleeping. I take all the messages so he can rest. I'll admit I've let him sleep through some of his appointments when they haven't been important."

"Apparently, you are not afraid Hollywood can do anything to your marriage," I interrupted.

"I don't think Hollywood is any different than anywhere else," she said. "I just feel that I am giving all that I can to our marriage and if it just couldn't go, it wouldn't be my fault. Frank knows what he has in the children, and that is what is so wonderful.

"No," she said, summing it up, "I don't think it's so hard being the wife of a public figure. We live a very normal life—at home. The only thing is we can't go out to play and enjoy it like we used to. When we are at a night club we can't watch the floor show because 'they' are always around our table. We can have more fun at home."

And what is the Sinatra home like? The living room is hung in bright yellow chintz with big red dahlias. There is a baby grand piano, also the latest radio and record-playing machine. Two wine red divans flank the fireplace on either side. Big easy chairs are scattered about the room which opens out on the porch fronting the lake. This is finished in wicker and one end is dominated by small Nancy's life-sized doll house.

The dining room, furnished in Sheraton, is about the only formal room in the house. It adjoins the playroom where the family have most of their meals. Frank furnished this room himself in old pine tables, and chairs made of barrels. His collection of ship models is here. There is a rustic bar—installed by the original owner, Mary Astor, also a slot machine, pinball game, radio and victrola. When Frank's friends and radio associates come in for the evening, they usually spend it in the playroom playing his master records of songs for his radio show. He invites criticism—and acts upon it. He is always trying to improve on his work, Nancy says.

Upstairs is the master bedroom which Frank and Nancy share. Their bed is one of these monstrous 8-foot-wide affairs with quilted upholstering and bedspread to match of powder blue—Frank's favorite color. The windows are hung in rose and blue flowered chintz—and Nancy's desk, where she tends to business, faces the lake. Over it hangs her favorite picture of the head of the house. He sits in a big chair looking very important.

Down the hall is Nancy, Jr.'s, room done in red and blue plaid gingham in the Killarney pattern. And next door is Baby Frank's in yellow, with animal cracker figures on the wall.

It isn't the home of a millionaire—and remember the fabulous Frank made more than a million last year. It's just the home of two people who love simplicity rather than show, who have no ambition to get into the social swim.

On last New Year's Eve, the Sinatras gave one of their rare parties. Nancy invited the grocer, the butcher and a few other tradespeople because they had been so nice to them since they had moved to Toluca Lake. Frank loved it. He kept watching the hands of the clock until midnight. Just a split second before the chimes sounded, he made his way to Nancy's side and took her in his arms. Those who were with them clung to them as if the War is Won.

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Take Claudette Colbert in a "typical Colbert rôle"—that of an essentially sane but occasionally flighty American wife who can't help it, can she, if other men find her attractive; take Dick Foran as her devoted husband whose one fault seems to be his loyalty to a college pal, Don Ameche, an adventurous type who keeps turning up at the wrong time—and complicating life for our heroine, sort of, by "borrowing" her to show off as his own spouse. Get it? Neither did we, but we did have a pretty good time laughing at some of the situations. It occurred to us now and then that Don Ameche was almost unbearably debonair and whimsical, but perhaps that was all in the script.

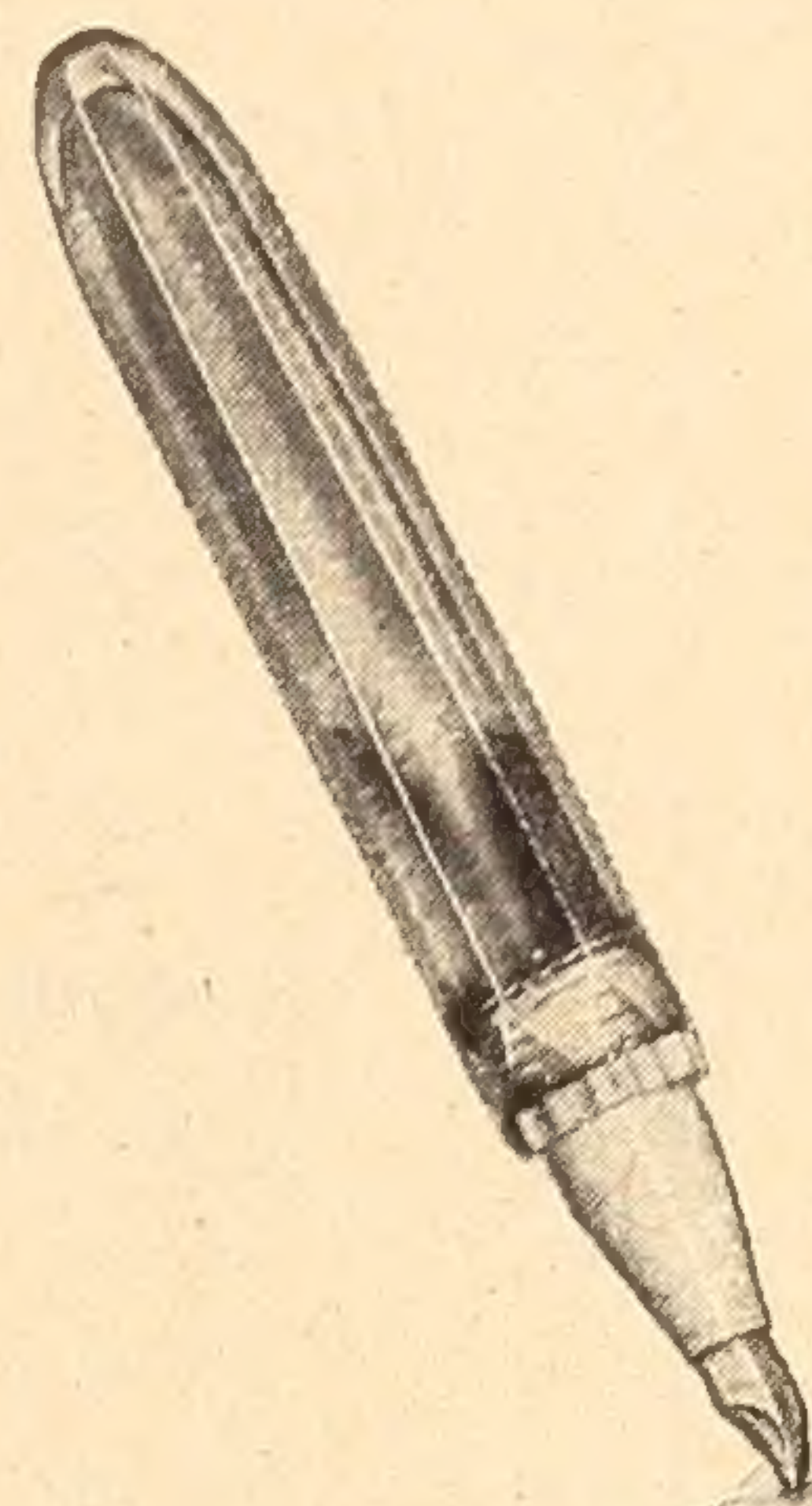


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